

THE WORLD TOMORROW

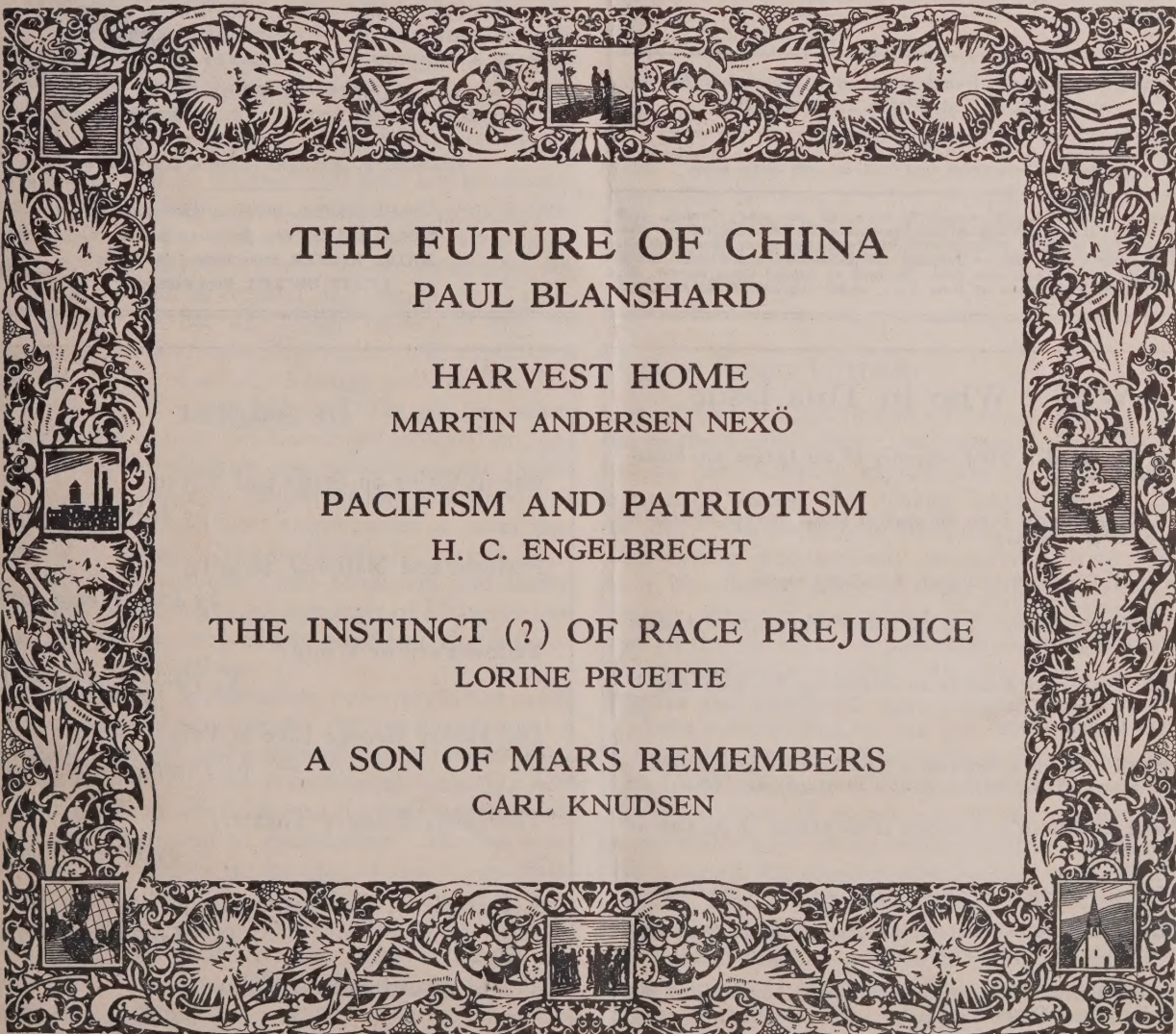
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JULY, 1928

No. 7



THE FUTURE OF CHINA
PAUL BLANSARD

HARVEST HOME
MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXÖ

PACIFISM AND PATRIOTISM
H. C. ENGELBRECHT

THE INSTINCT (?) OF RACE PREJUDICE
LORINE PRUETTE

A SON OF MARS REMEMBERS
CARL KNUDSEN

THE WORLD TOMORROW, INC.
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The World Tomorrow

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Recent Gains on Stage and Screen,
by Heywood Brown

Pacifism and National Security,
by John Nevin Sayre

Yellow Peril or White?
by Percy L. Clark, Jr.

Did Henry George Live in Vain?
by Joseph Dana Miller

The Little Country Theater,
by Eric Thomsen

A Critique of Internationalism,
by Margaret H. Irish

The Shepherd and the Vultures,
by Samuel Johnson

The Literacy Test,
by Mary Fagin

The World Tomorrow

A Journal Looking Toward a Social Order Based on the Religion of Jesus

Vol. XI.

July, 1928

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Editorials

The New Hoover

In Herbert Hoover the Republican Party has selected a man whose administrative exploits may not in every instance measure up to the Gargantuan proportions of legend, but who is, nevertheless, a man of extraordinary executive attainments. He possesses genuine humanitarian feeling when appealed to along orthodox lines, but he is unlikely to shed any tears over such matters as unemployment (his unemployment commission fizzled out to a fiasco), and the abuses of monopolies will hardly enlist his humane sympathy for their victims. His inferential declaration of May 2, 1927, against the use of foreign loans for military purposes stirred the State Department and constituted a criticism of the Coolidge-Kellogg policies in Nicaragua and pre-Morrow Mexico. Yet he has never spoken directly against our Caribbean imperialism, nor has he shown the slightest appreciation of the significance to world peace in the increasing penetration of the dollar. His magnificent organization of relief during the War brought him justifiable fame, and if he was inconsiderate of our farm producers and biased against the revolutionary governments of Hungary and Russia, his motives are understandable on the basis of his economic predilections.

His more recent opportunism, however, is not easily explained away by his friends. In 1918 and 1920 a political independent and a pronounced internationalist, Mr. Hoover has become transformed since his first chance at political office into an avowed regular and an emphatic proponent of nationalism. He has been capable of utter silence in the face of the oil scandals. He surrounds himself by the active remnants of the unsavory Harding gang, for example, Messrs. Lockwood and Slemph. He wins the endorsement of the still-unseated Boss Vare. He tolerates extremely questionable uses of funds in his drive for delegates in the South, and, while strong among certain groups in the rank and file of his party, finds it necessary to countenance the expenditure of \$339,028.21 in his pre-con-

vention campaign—a sum practically twice the amount spent for all fourteen of the other candidates in both major parties!

As President, if elected, he may be counted on to defend big business against close scrutiny by the government, as well as against insistent demands of farmers and workers for a larger share in the national income. Like Coolidge, he is a practitioner of the gospel of benevolent business, the first plank of which is a belief that the general welfare is best promoted by securing the freedom and prosperity of a few wealthy individuals and corporations.

News from China

The news from China is arresting. Peking has fallen to the Nationalists. The advance of the Southerners on the Northern capital was so threatening and certain of success that Chang Tso-lin peacefully left the city. On his retreat his special train was bombed and Chang was severely wounded. Rumor would have him dead. Alive or dead, the man who almost became emperor has passed from the political scene and all the old eighteen provinces are at least in name under Nationalist control. Therewith emerges, let us hope, a new China.

China's recent history has been an almost meaningless struggle between thoroughly selfish war lords and their brutal soldiery. The elimination of any of these modern condottieri meant merely the continuation of irresponsible government under a different master. The real hope of the country was the National movement with its emphasis on mass education and the labor movement, and its opposition to foreign domination, the unequal treaties and white racial arrogance. Its present leader, Chiang Kai-shek, is a moderate with a rather spotted record. Most ardent Nationalists do not trust him and some even consider him merely another war lord, thoroughly self-seeking and unprincipled.

However one may judge Chiang, the important fact is that he and the Nationalists have now succeeded in driving out all opposition and in making themselves the sole authority in China. Whether this marks the beginning of a new era of national unity only the future will show. The Nationalists may abandon their ideals, factions may disrupt them and rival leaders may seek power, causing further futile warfare. But this uncertainty as to the future ought not to obscure the great event, the emergence of this group against all others.

The difficulties facing Chiang are aptly illustrated by the Japanese at this time. Japan has for long been seeking control of Manchuria. The war of 1904-05 exemplified Japan's insistence on this against Russia. The Twenty-one Demands of 1915 again included Manchuria. By its encroachments extending well over three decades Japan today controls the important South Manchurian Railway and the Railway Zone and looks upon Manchuria as an integral part of its economy. Though still nominally Chinese, Manchuria is in reality under Japanese control.

A glance at the map will show that Peking is very close to the Manchurian frontier. It has always been understood that Chang Tso-lin in Peking was under Japanese protection and control. The Japanese interests wanted no change. Above all they wanted no disturbance in Manchuria. Last year the forces of the Nationalists were stopped on their way to Peking and they blamed the Japanese for their set-back. When they came on this year, the Japanese opposed them at Tsinanfu, the railway key to Peking. After a bloody encounter there the Japanese decided to move 50,000 troops into Shantung to protect their interests.

What Japan will do next is difficult to say. It seemed for a time as though Japan were cultivating the friendship of China. In the West it found rebuffs: the termination of its treaty with England, and exclusion in the United States. It turned East and began to "make eyes" at China. That friendship policy came to an end last year with the new Tanaka government and the old Japan of 1905 and 1915 seems to be back in the saddle. If that is so, more serious trouble is a-brewing. Still the growing power of Liberalism is a fact that must be reckoned with in the island empire, as the recent elections clearly show.

To be sure, Japan is only one example of this foreign menace to the new Chinese nation. The other Great Powers stand around, mutter pious phrases and seek opportunities "to protect their nationals" or "to restore law and order." If in the process they annex any Chinese territory or gain valuable concessions, it is only for the good of China! In the present uncertainty one can only hope that the Nationalists will receive immediate recognition from the rest of the world and that a new era for China has really begun.

Disputes of Whatever Nature

On May 5 Germany and the United States signed their first arbitration treaty. It is almost identical with the so-called Bryan treaties now in force between the United States and more than a score of other nations, and is in reality a conciliation, not an arbitration, treaty. The chief provisions of this agreement are the formation of a permanent conciliation commission, the authorization of this commission to investigate and within twelve months to report upon any controversy between the parties thereto that cannot be settled by diplomacy or other peaceable means. The agreement not to go to war pending the receipt of this report, the reservation of the right to accept or reject the recommendations of the commission. It is highly important to note that this treaty, like its parallels with other countries, contains no reservation of any kind. It is all-inclusive. "Any disputes . . . of whatever nature they may be" come within its scope. For twelve months, or pending the report of the commission, war is completely and utterly outlawed between the signatories.

Hitherto the significance of these treaties has been greatly underestimated. So much so that many of them have been allowed to lapse because of failure to appoint new members of the various commissions as vacancies have occurred. Fortunately, however, the neglect is now being remedied. The State Department recently announced appointments to fill vacancies of eleven of these commissions. These conciliation treaties are of far greater importance than existing arbitration treaties which exclude questions affecting national honor, vital interest and the Monroe Doctrine.

It is interesting to recall that the first outlawry treaty signed by our Government was with Tripoli one hundred and twenty-three years ago. A provision of this agreement was as follows: "In case of any dispute arising from the violation of any articles of this treaty, no appeal shall be made to arms; nor shall war be declared on any pretext whatever." For the "period of twelve calendar months . . . no act of hostility shall be permitted by either party."

A Ratio of 104 to 7

Dr. Frederick L. Hoffmann, Consulting Statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company, has recently issued his annual report on homicide in the United States. This document is alarming if not sensational. The murder death rate has doubled since 1900. For the past three years it has been stationary at about 104 per 100,000 population. Memphis ranked highest with a mark of 69.3. In spite of its reputation, Chicago was 36th with a rate of 13.3; while New York with its vast cosmopolitan population, was far down the list with a rate of 6.1 or slightly more than half

the average for the entire country. A comparison of the murder rate in the United States with that of England gives the appalling ratio of 104 to 7. The evidence indicates that, in spite of the fact that capital punishment prevails in 40 of our states, we are perhaps the most murderous civilized country on the globe. Dr. Hoffmann disagrees with those persons who believe that the remedy for this shameful situation is to be found in greater severity of punishment. He says: "I have made an extended study of the death penalty and have come to the conclusion that it would better serve the cause of justice if it were done away with entirely." This conclusion is also being voiced by many other citizens who have engaged in a serious study of the cause and cure of crime.

The Tyranny of Cotton

The sorest spot in American prosperity for many years has been the textile industry. Considering the appalling poverty in the cotton section of that industry it is surprising that so little public discussion has been aroused. Miners in Pennsylvania and Ohio go on strike for a wage scale of \$7.50 a day, and their national strike calls forth from almost every section of society interest and sympathy. But how many Americans know that in the four leading cotton mill states of the South the workers have weekly earnings of \$12.02? And what does the proud boast of Northern prosperity mean to the cotton mill workers of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Connecticut whose average wages are \$18.61 a week?

The most "Christian" section of the United States, the Southern states, has been so little concerned with the inhumanly low wages in cotton mills that nearly all the Southern churches have been silent on the subject. Not quite all. Forty clergymen, including ten bishops of the South, had the courage to sign a circular letter last year calling on Southern cotton manufacturers to improve labor conditions in their mills. With gentle good-will they asked the manufacturers if it was a Christian thing to run their Southern mills eleven hours a day and twelve hours a night. (Georgia has the 60 hour week, South Carolina the 55 hour week, Alabama has no limit for adults, Tennessee works 57 hours even for women, and North Carolina 60 hours.)

Even so mild a suggestion of reform evoked a storm of criticism in the South, a storm so severe that some of the signers of the original letter withdrew their names. But liberal sentiment in the South concerning the textile situation is not dead. The Southern Industrial Council composed entirely of Southern leaders has set out to put into effect the minimum reform program of the nine hour day and the abolition of night work. It is backed by the good-will of all those who

believe in the genuine prosperity of Southern people.

Labor unionism in Southern cotton mills is practically non-existent. It has been crushed and beaten by "open shop" employers who have controlled the minds of their workers through the domination of the mill village. But labor unionism in the North is not dead. The latest witness to this fact is the great strike in New Bedford, Massachusetts, which, as we write, is entering its eighth week.

Thirty thousand workers of New Bedford went on strike April 16 against a 10 per cent cut in wages that would have brought their weekly average earnings to about \$17.25. Their strike is remarkable in many ways. It is not led by Communists and outsiders but by native craftsmen, many of whom come from the best mills of Great Britain with the background of strong, quiet British labor policy. For many years they have maintained in New Bedford an independent union of their own, the American Federation of Textile Operatives. When the little group of New Bedford manufacturers who dominate its leading industry arbitrarily announced a 10 per cent wage cut without even consulting the union, these intelligent and skilled workers walked out in a body and have maintained their strike for two months with scarcely a strike-breaker in the mills. They have joined the American Federation of Labor and they have won the sympathy of the entire city. Virtually every politician, merchant, minister and journalist in New Bedford is against the wage cut of the manufacturers and for the strikers.

This unanimity is not surprising. The New Bedford manufacturers even before the wage cut paid lower wages than most of their competitors in the fine-goods section of the cotton industry. They are not forced to compete with the South, since the South manufactures coarse goods. Their average profits for ten years have been more than 11 per cent.

Behind all the sickness of the textile industry are cut-throat competition and overproduction. The workers, completely unorganized, with the exception of a handful in the United Textile Workers, have been compelled to pay the price of the industry's incompetence. Centralization and wise curtailment are needed on the management side of the industry. Beyond that, in the whole field of human relationships, the cotton industry needs intelligent machinery for collective bargaining with cooperation between labor union and employers similar to that in the clothing factories of Chicago or on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Is such a solution for the ills of the textile industry an impossible dream? We do not think so. There is no reason why the men who work at sewing machines and pressing boards should have the best factory conditions in the United States while the men who work at looms have the worst. Here is a challenge to everyone connected with the textile industry.

The Future of China

PAUL BLANSHARD

ABOUT ten years ago I went one day to an ex-drayman who called himself a spiritualist medium and asked for an interpretation of my future. He shut his eyes, held my hand and wandered into a rambling prophecy. "You will realize your ambitions," he said. "You will accomplish mighty things in the world. You will go on a long journey. I see you surrounded by friends. . . ." I yawned. Why should I pay a dollar and a half for anything so dull? Why couldn't the man tell me that I would inherit a million dollars or murder my wife? After all, what is prophecy for if it cannot keep you from yawning?

People who dote on political prophecy have the same desire that I had for quick and cataclysmic events. The future of China is not interesting to most Americans unless it is somehow connected up with quick doom, yellow perils and red massacres. Hence, there has sprung up in this country a whole group of popular prophets who give their customers what they want in political thrills. They would answer the question as to the future of China by saying that China is going bolshevik within a decade and that her military forces will dominate the Orient in our time. They have no patience to analyze the glacial changes that are really taking place in the Orient.

China is changing in industrial structure and military power from year to year but I see no prospect of the Orient wresting supremacy from the Occident in industry or military power during our life time. China is bound to become more independent and more industrialized year by year but the shaking off of imperialist control must be a slow process, and the acquiring of Western industrial habits is likely to be even slower.

Take for example the assumption of many Americans that China is going bolshevik very rapidly. There is no more evidence for this assumption than there is for the assumption that the United States is going bolshevik. Russia is nearer to China than it is to the United States. Russia has given tremendous and valuable aid to the Nationalist movement in China and has thereby earned respect and some affection among millions of Chinese people. But Russia cannot take a nation which is steeped in ancient habits of individual craftsmanship and transform it bodily into a socialist community. I wish that it could, but the ground work is not there. An honest analysis of the present industrial condition of China indicates nothing more startling for the immediate future than the slow evolution of capitalist processes with an analogous development

of the defensive powers of the labor movement. Let us look at a cross section of Chinese industry.

Very few of the workers of China are revolutionary or class conscious in the sense that those terms are used in the West. They are emerging slowly from the handicraft system of small-scale production in which the family and the guild were the units of all economic life. The phase "industrial working class" can apply accurately to perhaps one-tenth of one per cent of China's four hundred million. The rest are peasants and small proprietors, handicraft workers and officials. Any city of the interior will reveal the industrial medievalism of the nation.

We may walk through Wuchang, for example, where I walked last July. It lies across the whirling Yangtze from Hankow, the heart of left-wing nationalist power. It is a Chinese city, almost untouched by foreign habits, its ancient wall rising near the river with jagged holes made by the bombardment of the Nationalist troops. We walk through endless narrow lanes no wider than an American side walk where no motor car could pass without crushing the pedestrians. On either side are the open-front be-lettered shops revealing the merchants and workers stripped to the waist carving, pounding, grinding, sewing and selling their products. These shops are Chinese industry. Here are the factories, ware-houses, stores and homes, all in the same place on the same dirt floor. The family, the whole family, eats, sleeps and works here, often in one big room. There is an artisan at the head of the shop who is the owner, there are his sons and grandsons, and in addition there are usually journeymen who have not yet acquired the standing of an artisan and apprentices who are indentured to the master artisan for several years without regular wages. The men who work in these shops receive their food and lodging with their meager pay; perhaps they belong to the same industrial guild as the master artisan and go once a year to offer prayer and sacrifice to the patron saint of their trade. The workers eat and talk and work with the owners throughout the whole day. The division between capitalist class, working class and middle man is blurred by family warmth, perpetual association and often by shared profits.

The tools that these workers use in their handicraft production are incredibly medieval. Two boys in that shop are making boards by sawing an immense log lengthwise with a bucksaw. It takes them all afternoon to do what a power-driven saw could do in five minutes. A boy there is boring a hole but he has no

modern auger to do it with, so his companion wraps a piece of cloth around the wooden handle of a gimlet and pulls it back and forth to make the gimlet whirl while the boy presses down on the tool. Everywhere there are surplus boys, two hands to do what one hand would be compelled to do in the West.

In the middle of this ancient industrial setting arises a great brick cotton mill that roars and vibrates like the mills of Fall River or Charlotte. It employs 9,000 workers and is the largest cotton mill in Central China.

Inside we walk through miles of clattering machines from America, England, Germany. Behind the machines are children, hundreds of tiny children, their heads scarcely showing above the spinning frames as they dexterously catch threads from the roaring machines. They are 8 and 9 and 10 years old and they work from 6 o'clock in the morning till 6 at night standing up at the machines most of the time. Their wages are 20 to 30 cents a day. At noon time they delve into their tins of rice at the machines while some friend helps to watch the moving threads. The machines do not stop.

How long will it take these workers in the Chinese cotton mill to form a powerful and intelligent revolutionary movement? Considering the obstacles, they have performed miracles already. They probably had several million members in the trade unions last year in China but they are illiterate, very poor, and untrained in democratic action. I cannot imagine their building up an organized movement that is fit to participate in the control of industry in less than a generation.

Meanwhile the Chinese labor movement is destined to be the spearhead of the Chinese drive against foreign imperialism. Its energy will be concentrated in fighting political enemies. This will be a tremendous blessing to the Nationalist movement but a tragedy for the workers themselves because the redemption which they need most is not political but economic.

THE Nationalist movement¹ which a year ago promised to give a very large part of its energy to the emancipation of labor has now been so diverted from its original purposes that a part of its labor program is nullified. Many of its finest idealists are outcasts, and Chiang Kai-shek rides in the saddle with a ruthlessness which bodes ill for the reestablishment of class-conscious labor unions. In politics and industry the drift is to the right. In the circumstances, Chinese industry is looking to foreign capital for assistance, which means the increase of American influence in China and the decrease of Russia's influence.

The Nationalists have already demonstrated the possibility of China's military power. All signs point to

their ultimate military conquest of China. Chang Tso-lin's Northern forces are shot through and through with disloyalty and graft. It is simply a question of how long it will take the Nationalists to achieve military unity. Once having achieved this unity they will doubtless force Japan to relinquish some of her rights in Manchuria, and Britain and America to withdraw most of their military forces. Perhaps this can be done without war. I do not visualize a war between China and the imperialist countries of the West on the question of unequal treaties and extra-territorial rights so long as the new military China continues as a bourgeois power borrowing money from the Western bankers and selling its economic birthright in exchange. America and Britain would find it quite possible to cooperate with such a new China because of increased markets and new opportunities of profitable investment.

But perhaps a new armed China would not care to join the military alliance of the West. Perhaps by that time there will be an increased infiltration of socialism and internationalism. Then there would be a new alignment of world powers with China, Russia and India in a bloc of subject peoples and anti-imperialists. I hope it comes to that. And perhaps our grandchildren will live to see an alliance of the social democratic forces of Europe and the United States with that Asiatic bloc. Such an alliance would create the only agency sufficiently powerful to challenge the swash-buckling, acquisitive hegemony of the West.

The position of a unified China depends chiefly upon the reception which the Western Powers give to their new rival. China will naturally join the bloc of nations that gives her people the best chance of international justice, but at the present time there is no bloc to which she naturally belongs. Russia has temporarily overstepped the decencies of Chinese hospitality and had the door slammed in her face. The League of Nations talks interminably and leaves China to the mercy of the Great Powers which won the war for self determination. Britain and Japan continue their concessions and military occupation in the face of growing bitterness in China.

The Chinese would like to join the United States because they admire America more than any modern nation, with the possible exception of Russia. But how can they ally themselves with a nation whose gunboats parade their rivers, whose financial and political power is leagued with their most ruthless exploiters?

When China has completed the present process of unification and militarization there is only one thing which can prevent her from joining an Asiatic bloc against the West, that is a rebirth of social-democratic anti-imperialism in the United States and Europe. At present we in the West are not fit to associate on terms of confidence and good will with an honest Chinese government. We can win the permanent friendship of the

¹ Editor's Note: The changes which have occurred in China since the writing of this are noted in the editorial "News from China," on page 291 of this issue.

new China only if we force our State Department to break off the present military and diplomatic alliance with Japan and Great Britain in China. In the long run that means the repudiation of the ancient policy of

protecting private dollars abroad with American human beings in uniform. That policy has already ceased to pay in China. A militarized and unified China would make it doubly unprofitable.

Pacifism and Patriotism

H. C. ENGELBRECHT

A RIOTING New York mob attacked the house of a prominent Abolitionist in 1834. It gained an entry and in fierce glee began its work of destruction. Everything movable was thrown out of the windows, drenched in oil and got ready for a huge bonfire, whose flames somehow were to purge the city of the stain of anti-slavery agitation. One of the gangsters tore a picture from the wall and was about to commit it to the cleansing fires, when he discovered that it was a portrait of George Washington. He hugged it to his breast and shouted dramatically: "It's Washington! For God's sake don't burn Washington!" His cry was immediately echoed in the street: "For God's sake don't burn Washington!" Very tenderly the painting was taken down the stairs and a group of bullies installed it on the veranda of the neighboring house and placed it under careful guard. From his exalted position the Father of the Country looked down on the frenzy of the patriotic vandals.

This little incident illustrates the problem of patriotism. It is an astonishing, often most irrational power, attracting strange pilgrims to its shrine. Its spokesmen proclaim weird doctrines. And what deeds are done in its name! Enormous reserves of oil are stolen by millionaire thieves and a "faithless public servant"—in the name of patriotism. Blacklists, including the best element of country, are spread—in the name of patriotism. A mayor places his name on the front page of newspapers on two continents by organizing a "society for hating the British"—in the name of patriotism. Men are insulted on the street for not removing their hats when a military parade passes with the flag—in the name of patriotism. Women kneel and kiss the Liberty Bell—in the name of patriotism. Children every morning are put through a solemn ritual including a pledge of loyalty and a salute to the flag—in the name of patriotism. There is a journal, fortunately obscure, called "The Patriot," which sees as its highest duty the vicious denunciation of the Jews. And there is the super-patriotic Ku Klux Klan. Autos are raced over treacherous beaches at death-defying speed to bring back records held abroad—in the name of patriotism. Millions of men are torn from their homes and labors and sent out to fight to the death with other

millions whom they do not even know—in the name of patriotism.

Is it any wonder that many cannot speak the word patriotism without a sneer? Old Sam Johnson's vigorous judgment that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," despite its uncounted repetition, does not seem to stale. Schopenhauer's statement that "patriotism is the passion of fools and the most foolish of passions" will also find a ready echo. The word patriotism has fallen from its high estate. It is used so often as a synonym of narrow-mindedness, exclusiveness, fanaticism, selfishness, and bottomless ignorance that intelligent people who sincerely love their country hesitate to apply it to themselves, while cynics employ it as a term of scorn. Whether or not a pacifist may be a patriot depends entirely on what patriotism is.

THE pacifist can never be a purely emotional patriot. Flag-waving, parading, cheering, throwing tons of ticker tape on a "hero," fourth-of-Julying are not enough. This sort of thing generally lives side by side with profound ignorance and bigotry. It makes saints of Washington and Lincoln and attributes an almost magic significance to being born in a log cabin or rising from lowly estate of newsboy. It ascribes the greatness of the country to soldiers and bankers. It revels in fierce hatreds, changing the object of deestation readily under the barrage of newspaper propaganda. Every good American used to hate the British, then he turned on the Germans, then on the Russians; meanwhile others have specialized in despising the French or the Japanese or the Southern Europeans.

The pacifist, furthermore, cannot join in any immoral patriotism. Stephen Decatur's "My country, right or wrong!" is probably the most immoral sentence in the language. It makes the state a god, promulgating not only law, but ethics. The pacifist would insist that the state is not outside of the moral categories, but that it is bound by them. Its treaties are not scraps of paper to be torn up at will. Its promises to subject peoples or to colonies must be kept. The liberties of smaller nations dare not be destroyed or their

rights invaded whenever the stronger powers find it to their advantage.

Above all, though, the pacifist is not a military patriot. Perhaps this is the heart of the problem. For a great multitude militarism and patriotism are synonymous. The argument is very simple. The country must see to its security. This is possible only by military force. Hence, the true patriot is also a militarist. This argument of necessity is generally adorned with a catalog of the virtues fostered by war. We have not yet forgotten the last war and how the great slaughter was justified and glorified by the leaders in all countries. When the inhuman submarine was bitterly attacked, one preacher declared:

"Submarines are certainly loveless and un-Christian. They are as unrighteous as Mammon. But we use them exactly as Jesus also told us to use Mammon. That is the wonderful thing, that in all these matters we have the words of Jesus on our side."

Again, when the peoples, horrified by the slaughter, were seeking peace, another preacher declared:

"I cannot abide the whining and yammering over the agony and misery of war. War is not a misfortune, but a great good fortune. God be praised that the war came. . . . And God be praised that we have as yet no peace. . . . War is the great knife by which God is operating as a mighty surgeon on this people and cutting away the poisonous boils which have been infecting us. God be praised that we have as yet no peace!"

With all this justification of war and its religious exaltation the pacifist disagrees most strongly. Did military and naval preparedness, never so highly developed as in 1914, make for peace and insure security? The pacifist does not believe that the savage killing, poisoning, maiming, crippling of millions in each country can ever be justified. Even if war really brought permanent settlement of vexing problems—which it does not—it is a procedure utterly unworthy of a reasonable human being. Few men owed as much to war as did Napoleon, yet that vain little soldier was compelled to admit:

"War is an anachronism. Some day victories will be won without cannons and bayonets. . . . Do you know what I marvel at most in the world? The impotence of force in organization. There are only two powers in the world, the mind and the sword. In the long run the sword is always defeated by the mind."

So the pacifist will have nothing of military patriotism. In this point he will exercise the right of conscience, the right of personal conviction, and dissent. The government may jail him or even worse, but it cannot compel him to violate his conscience and help slaughter in war. For that reason the pacifist is also opposed to all military and naval preparedness. Armies and navies, reserve officers training corps, citizens mili-

tary training camps are all part of the war system, which the pacifist wishes to see abolished.

YET it seems to me that the pacifist may well be a patriot. Much depends here on definition. The pacifist's patriotism must be intelligent and realistic. He tries to discover the really important institutions, movements and problems in the country and to work with these. Saluting the flag does not feed a single hungry person or care for a neglected child. Singing the national hymn does not clarify a single national problem or advance anyone's intelligence. The pacifist is realistic about the things that really matter. He thinks of the schools and the teachers of the country as a thousand times more important than all armies and navies. A single good library is more valuable to him than all arsenals and armories. Real homes, rearing healthy and intelligent children, stand high above military training. The various social agencies bravely struggling against disease, poverty, the slums, unemployment and insecurity are worth a hundred times more than a whole horde of politicians. The peace movement produces greater heroes than all wars. With such intelligent and vigorous patriotism the pacifist may well be identified.

Similarly he may sponsor a critical patriotism. Romantic patriotism never tires of proclaiming its love of country, but seldom troubles to be specific. It includes everything from the rock-ribbed coast of Maine to the sun-kissed valleys of California. But does it refer to the climate, or the people, or the form of government, or the working of the courts and the police? The pacifist is not so indiscriminate a lover. He will find many things to admire in American history, but he also knows of the dark pages. There are excellent features in American government, but in parts it is antiquated and vicious. The American courts have made admirable decisions, but their record for atrocious pronouncements is cruel and long. The United States has for long been a beacon of liberty to the world, but to the Philippines, Haiti, Mexico and Nicaragua it is the great destroyer of freedom. The police of the country are in some respects an admirable institution, but at present they are also the greatest menace to civil liberties. The pacifist sees the good and knows the wrong of his country. He is no blind worshiper. As much as he will praise and advance the good, he will denounce and oppose the evil.

FINALLY, the pacifist will foster a humanitarian patriotism. A certain narrow type of patriotism lives on hatred of other nations, national pride, snobishness and exclusiveness. It invented national honor, a most touchy thing, which cried out to be avenged at any and all occasions. It made calculations as to how superior its own way of life, its language, manners and

customs, how much more valuable its own nationals, how many foreigners could be "licked" by one American. All this pettiness was hailed as a very high order of patriotism.

The pacifist, on the contrary, knows that a great and important part of the world lies outside of his national fences. He knows also that the people of that other world are neither inferior nor vicious. He sees no reason for despising or hating them. For him there is a great human fellowship in which French and Germans, Americans and Russians join hands, in which racial snobbery does not call on pseudo-scientists to prove the superiority of the Nordic, in which color is no bar to friendship. In this great human family every nation has something to contribute, every individual has the right to his way of life. Similarly, every nation has something to learn and every individual his duties. Mutual suspicions, ridicule, hatred and contempt must give way to understanding, friendliness and co-operation.

The pacifist, then, is not a man without a country. Patriotism is a good word and there is no reason to cast it off, even if it has been scummed over with much that the pacifist rejects. As the world grows ever smaller and the interdependence of its parts greater and more perceptible, the connotations of the word patriotism will steadily enlarge. Still it seems to me that the pacifist will always be able to say: The world is my home and my country is my field of activity.



"Gawd Help Anybody That Spits on the Flag Today"
—Reprinted from Crosby's "Skipper,"
published by Greenberg.

The Moon and Emily

WHEN Emily was only rising two,
Her father used to lift her on his shoulder
Late in her little evening, early in ours,
And carry her to whatsoever window
The moon was shining through. Emily could say
"Moon! Moon!" before she knew another word,
Except of course, the cotyledon words
"Mother" and "Daddy."

She was such a child
As it befits to live to green old age;
Earth was to her so welcoming and homelike!
She seemed so native to the hearth and meadow!
Even in tumbling she was confident,
And lifted up a face of twinkling laughter
Toward the tall brothers. "Emily," I thought,
"Will marry young, and raise a romping troop
Of boys and girls; she will love soon, yet long."

I think of Emily when I see the moon.

But there is something obstinate about me;
My eyes are stubborn; they will not invest
The shadow of the moon with any substance.
No; the moon swells and shrivels to my thought
As to my senses: sometimes it rolls by
Gold as a melon rolling from the vine,
Honeyripe; and behold it comes again
Shrunk on one side, and like a withered gourd,
All sucked within itself. If I could once
Decisively and vividly imagine
The truth about the shadow on the moon,—
How it's our shadow, of which the moon's unconscious
From which it takes no vital change at all,
But rolls into the shadow, and rolls out,
And still remains the unmutated moon,—
Then I might think the same of Emily.

Between her second birthday and her third,
She, who had so far waxed, began to wane.
We saw her waning, as we see the moon,
And all her rosy substance thinned away
As the moon thins; and like the dark of the moon
Came over us the dark of Emily.

There is a line, that comes somewhere in Chaucer,
Expressing, in an accidental way,
What I am told, and partly understand
About this death, of moons and of beloveds;
How it's perhaps the shadow of ourselves,
Transiently falling, at a certain angle,
So that it darkens our own sight (and theirs?)
Until we shift again. This is the line:
"Uprose the sunne, and uprose Emilie."

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Not in the Headlines

AGNES A. SHARP

N. A. A. C. P. Report

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has sent out its eighteenth annual report. This gives a summary of its work for 1927 and an accounting. The Association's work radiates into every phase of race relations.

An International Student Center

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has given the University of California \$1,750,000 for an International House in Berkeley, California. The house will be a residence for 500 students, two-thirds to be foreign students and one-third American. The project will be complete within two years.

Profits Only to Large Corporations

The National Industrial Conference Board reports that only corporations with net incomes of \$5,000,000 or more enjoyed prosperity last year. The keen competition among the smaller corporations where there was no monopoly cut profits to a minimum.

Mexican Immigration

The Mexican Federal Government is making strong inducements for Mexicans to stay at home, and for its Nationals in the United States to return and develop their own agricultural and mineral resources. There are nine government agricultural colonies in successful operation and several independent colonies show vigorous growth.

Electricity: Its Cost

The National Popular Government League has a folder showing the comparative cost of domestic electric service in the United States and Ontario. The study covers from 1910 through 1926. The average price of electricity to domestic consumers in 1926 in 32 cities in the U. S. was 7.4c per kilowatt hour. The average price "service at cost" in 21 Ontario cities for the same year was 1.6c. With adjustments made for taxes, dividends, etc., paid in the United States the cost to Ontario consumers would figure 2.4c. The League asks why this difference? Why are American consumers forced to pay an added 5c per kilowatt hour?

AMERICA'S TWENTY LEADING INDUSTRIES

Industry	Employees	Rank	Value of Products or Service	Rank	Estimated Investment	Rank
Agriculture	10,241,000	1	\$16,963,000,000	1	\$57,000,000,000	1
Construction	3,051,000	2	7,000,000,000	3	(No data)	4 (?)
Railroads	2,184,000	3	7,396,000,000	2	27,800,000,000	2
Textiles	1,110,000	4	5,342,000,000	4	4,100,000,000	8
Machinery	858,000	5	5,020,000,000	5	(No data)	9 (?)
Lumber	474,000	7	2,254,000,000	12	8,000,000,000	6
Iron and Steel	458,000	9	3,711,000,000	7	5,000,000,000	7
Automobiles	480,000	10	4,745,000,000	6	3,000,000,000	10
Oil	158,000	16	2,377,000,000	11	11,000,000,000	3
Coal	748,000	6	1,727,000,000	14	2,500,000,000	12
Electricity	230,000	13	1,783,000,000	13	9,500,000,000	5
Clothing	466,000	8	3,239,000,000	8	1,000,000,000	16
Publishing	296,000	12	2,482,000,000	10	1,200,000,000	13
Tel. and Tel.	381,000	11	935,000,000	20	2,600,000,000	11
Meat	120,000	20	3,050,000,000	9	1,200,000,000	14
Rubber	141,000	17	1,255,000,000	16	1,000,000,000	17
Shoes	207,000	14	1,061,000,000	18	700,000,000	18
Baking	160,000	15	1,268,000,000	15	600,000,000	19
Paper	124,000	19	972,000,000	19	1,200,000,000	15
Tobacco	132,000	18	1,091,000,000	17	(No data)	20 (?)

—N. Y. Times, 3-25-28

In China

The next month will be a critical test of the sincerity of foreign powers in China. The U. S. and other Western nations have professed readiness to respect Chinese sovereignty, relinquish tariff control, and surrender concessions when they could deal with a "responsible" Chinese government. They have continued to give Chang Tso-lin and his militarist allies de facto recognition as the government of China. Now Chang is gone. Will they be equally willing to recognize a Nationalist government which is openly opposed to the foreign occupation of China? Will they postpone the execution of promises made to China because a few foreign citizens are killed?

What America Sells Abroad

The following table shows the relative amounts of various products sold by American concerns abroad. The figures do not include goods manufactured in foreign factories of American Companies:

Commodity	Value of Exports (1926)	Proportion of World Output from U. S. A.
1. Petroleum and Products	\$556,000,000	70
2. Automobiles	320,000,000	85
3. Machinery	280,000,000	*
Agricultural	86,000,000	60
Mining and Pumping	38,000,000	*
Metal Working	19,000,000	*
Printing	11,000,000	*
Textile	10,000,000	*
Sewing Machines	11,000,000	*
Locomotives	5,000,000	*
Typesetting	4,000,000	*
Paper Mill	4,000,000	*
Shoe	1,000,000	65
4. Meat and Products	227,000,000	*
5. Metal (Except Iron and Steel) ..	200,000,000	*
Copper	121,000,000	55
Lead	13,000,000	40
Zinc	13,000,000	*
Aluminum	9,000,000	*
6. Steel	174,000,000	52
7. Tobacco	157,000,000	*
8. Chemicals	105,000,000	*
Medicinal Preparations	20,000,000	*
Paints and Pigments	19,000,000	*
Toilet Preparations	17,000,000	*
9. Electrical Apparatus	84,000,000	52
10. Rubber	59,000,000	*
11. Office Equipment	36,000,000	*
Typewriters	19,000,000	*
Calculating Machines	9,000,000	*
Cash Registers	6,000,000	*
12. Moving Pictures	16,000,000	90
13. Cameras and Supplies	10,000,000	*
14. Safety Razors	10,000,000	*

*Indicates figures are not available.

The Fourteenth Amendment

W. SHERMAN SAVAGE

THE Fourteenth Amendment was added to the Constitution of the United States by that radical group of reconstructionists led by Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of protecting the Negro in his newly acquired rights. It was feared if these laws were placed in a statute that a succeeding Congress might repeal them. The friends of the Negro felt if these rights of the Negro could be placed in the Constitution the Negro would be forever protected. In one respect the members of Congress reasoned correctly, for people bound to tradition as the Americans are will not repeal an amendment to that great instrument, even though it is not enforced. In another respect they reasoned incorrectly, for the amendment which they provided for the benefit of the Negro has been of little value to him. As Collins says in *The Fourteenth Amendment and the States*: "The amendment has fallen to those organizations which were able to take advantage of it."

The Fourteenth Amendment became a part of the Constitution on July 28, 1868, by proclamation of the Secretary of State. Section I is the only part that has given trouble. It follows: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction equal protection of the law."

STRANGE enough, the first case which came before the Court was not a case which had for its object the protection of the Negro in his newly acquired rights but the protection of a group of butchers in New Orleans. The state of Louisiana, depending upon its police power, passed a regulation which ordered all slaughtering in the city of New Orleans to be carried on at one central plant. The independent butchers claimed this was in conflict with that part of the Fourteenth Amendment which says: "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." This regulation was upheld in the state courts and then went up to the Supreme Court of the United States on a writ of error. The Supreme Court upheld the decision of the State Court and declared that the state had the right to regulate its industries under its police power and that this case did not come under the Fourteenth

Amendment. Justice Miller, who delivered the opinion of the court, said among other things: "We doubt very much whether any action of a state not directed by way of discrimination against the Negro as a class or on account of their race, will ever be held to come within the purview of this provision. It is so clearly a provision for that race, and that emergency, that strong case would be necessary for its application to any other." How wrong Justice Miller was may be seen from the many cases which have gone to the Supreme Court that had nothing to do with the Negro. Even in this case the vote stood 5-4, Justices Field, Bradley, Swayne, and Chief Justice Chase dissenting. With a change in personnel that court was likely to change its attitude.

This case declared definitely that the Supreme Court would not interfere with the state police power. As a result few cases came before the court for consideration during the early years after the acceptance of the Fourteenth Amendment. From 1868-1877 only nine decisions had been rendered by that body on cases under this amendment, an average of less than one a year.

Three years after the Slaughter House case, *Mumford vs. Illinois* came before the court. The third proposition of the charges against the state was that the state was depriving persons of property without due process of law and denying them equal protection of the law. Justice Waite delivered the opinion of the court, and said in part: "Down to the time of the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment it was not supposed that statutes regulating the use or even the price of private property necessarily deprived any owner of his property without due process of law. Under some circumstances they may, but not under all. The amendment does not change the law in this particular; it simply prevents the state from doing that which will operate as such deprivation." Justices Field and Strong dissented from the opinion of the court. This case is of importance because of the attention paid to the Fourteenth Amendment. Justice Waite disposed of the third proposition in the charge first. The Supreme Court upheld the State in its right to control industries within its domain, but it ruled that the State could not deprive an owner of his property *without due process of law*. Not much imagination is needed to see that this law would soon be extended to other groups than the Negro.

The interpretation was such as to conserve what the proponents of the amendment were thought to have had in mind. But in the following period there is a

tendency to allow more latitude and even to interpret into the Constitution what the makers did not intend. What the members of Congress had in mind when the Fourteenth Amendment was framed becomes of great importance not only from the historical point of view, but also from the legal.

IN 1882 the Southern Pacific Railroad in the San Mateo County case based its argument on the Fourteenth Amendment and took the novel position that a corporation was a person in the meaning of that amendment. Roscoe Conkling took the ground which the railroad had indicated and proceeded to prove that it was the intention of Congress to make a corporation a person. He was a leading member of the committee which framed the Fourteenth Amendment and was able to show, by exhibiting for the first time its unpublished journal, that Congress intended to give this amendment the broadest scope in its operation. He said:

At the time the Fourteenth Amendment was under discussion, as the records of the two Houses will show, individuals and joint-stock companies were appealing for congressional and administrative protection against state and local taxes. One instance was that of an express company, whose stock was owned largely by citizens of the State of New York, who came with petitions and bills seeking acts of Congress to aid them in resisting what they deemed oppressive taxation in two States, and oppressive and ruinous rules of damages applied under State laws. That complaints of oppression in respect to property and other rights made by citizens of northern States who took up residence in the South were rife, in and out of Congress, none of us can forget; that complaints of oppression in various forms of white men in the South—of union men—were heard on every side, I need not remind the court. The war and its results, the condition of the freedmen and the manifest duty owed to them, no doubt brought on the occasion for the Constitutional Amendment; but when the occasion came, and men set themselves to the task, the accumulative evils falling within the purview of the work were surrounding circumstances in the light of which they strove to strengthen the safeguards of the Constitution and Laws.

This explanation from Roscoe Conkling shows clearly what problems the framers of the amendment were facing and how they attempted to solve them. The committee hoped that, by writing the amendment in indefinite language and by interpreting it broadly, all who were seeking relief could find it, both individuals and joint-stock companies. Thus the Negro and his rights were not the only thing which the Fourteenth Amendment was designed to protect.

THE next year, 1883, the railroad tax cases came before the Federal Circuit Court in California on Section I of the Fourteenth Amendment. Justice Field in delivering his opinion said:

Oppression of persons and spoliation of property by any

State were thus forbidden, and equality before the law was secured to all. With the adoption of the amendment the power of the State to oppress anyone under any pretense or any form was forever ended and therefore all persons within their jurisdiction could claim equal protection under the laws.

No State shall touch the life, the liberty, or the property of any person, however humble his lot, or exalted his station, without due process of law; and no State, even with due process of law, shall deny anyone within its jurisdiction equal protection of the law.

This decision gave corporations the benefit of the Fourteenth Amendment and they became persons in the meaning of that amendment. This was a Federal case in a Federal Court. But the Supreme Court of the United States had not yet rendered a decision on this point.

The meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment was like Banquo's Ghost: it would not down. It came before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1887 in the Santa Clara County vs. Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The decision of the court was delivered by Justice Waite. He said: "The court does not wish to hear arguments on the question whether the provisions in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution which forbids a State to deny any person within its jurisdiction equal protection of the laws applies to these corporations. We are all of the opinion that it does." The corporation had now become a person in the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment by both the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court of the United States. Thus in a period of fifteen years the corporations which were seeking protection from Congress had found it with the courts.

The amendment has come to apply to a group it was not thought to include at the time of its adoption. It is not at all strange that so many cases have been brought under the Fourteenth Amendment that they have literally overwhelmed the Supreme Court of the United States and the State courts.

WE must now turn to a consideration of the number of cases in some way connected with the Fourteenth Amendment. During the first sixteen years of the operation of the amendment only thirty-five cases received consideration from the Supreme Court. This marked the end of conservative interpretation. When a corporation was made a person in the sense of this amendment the cases began to increase. From 1868-1910 decisions were rendered in 604 cases, divided as follows: 312 in which corporations were concerned; 264 in which individuals other than the Negro were concerned, and 28 in which the Negro was concerned. This leaves no doubt as to the group receiving protection by the Fourteenth Amendment. The Negro has benefited little. The reason is the cost of getting a case before the Supreme Court and the Negro's pov-

erty. The reverse has been true with corporations; they have been able to keep their cases before the court and have thus been protected.

The protection of corporations may be shown by decades. The total number of cases decided by the Supreme Court from 1872 to 1882 was 25. (The year 1872 is used instead of 1868, because the first case came to court in 1872.) The cases were divided as follows: Those referring to corporations, 4; that is, the court had been called upon four times to render decisions for artificial persons and had refused. Those concerning the Negro, 6; individuals other than the Negro, 15. Such was the operation of the Fourteenth Amendment in its first decade.

THE second decade was from 1882 to 1892. During this period the number of cases decided by the court numbered 96. Twenty-nine of these cases concerned corporations, two dealt with the Negro, and sixty-five with individuals other than Negroes. This decade shows an increase in corporation cases and a decrease in Negro cases. Still the majority of cases are concerned with individuals.

The third decade from 1892 to 1902 recorded 232

opinions of the court. Of these, 129 were corporation cases, 11 concerned the Negro, while 92 dealt with individuals other than Negroes. In this decade the Court was more concerned with legal persons, i.e. corporations, than with natural persons.

The period from 1902 to 1910 shows the further growth of corporation cases. During this period 26 cases were considered by the Court; in 150, corporations were the chief concern; in 10, the Negro was the chief concern; in 106, individuals other than Negroes were the chief concern.

The Fourteenth Amendment has shifted in its application largely because it was clearly shown what the original intention was. The court had no alternative but to follow. It must not be overlooked that men who were less conservative came to the bench and were ready for a more liberal interpretation. It cannot be said that the Fourteenth Amendment has been wholly turned away from its original intention to protect the Negro, but it must be said that the Negro receives little benefit from it largely because he lacks the money to get his cases before the court. Thus the Fourteenth Amendment has become a haven for the corporations in their struggle against control by the States.

Harvest Home

MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXÖ

GREAT festivities in the village Oester-Vestrup. Is it a baptism or a wedding—or perhaps a wake? No, it is the great annual harvest festival. The harvest is still in the fields—and none should praise the day before evening—but the happy Danish island folk have so much confidence in the weather and in their God that they are celebrating harvest home while the nights are bright and summer is at its height.

Everybody is invited to the celebration: the great and grand men of the upper village as well as the common people of the lower.

In the largest room of the town hall tables are set for several hundred guests. They fairly groan under the weight of the many dishes. But there is not even remotely room for all at these tables, so in order to avoid conflict the guests have been divided into groups according to their social station.

At the table are seated the Judge, the Pastor, the Physician of the circuit and all the other officials of the region, two or three owners of large estates and the prosperous landlords. These make up the first group. They are all men of huge paunches, which they fill with proper decorum. They eat plentifully, but they take their time. They have a peculiar way of sitting at table as though it were merely a matter of politeness

or an act of patriotism. Long practice and discipline have made possible this achievement.

Outside of the town hall the people of the lower village are milling about impatiently. They are mostly free farmers and skilled mechanics. One renter is there, too, because he is married to a free farmer's daughter.

They are peering up at the windows to see if the upper villagers have not yet finished. The most daring among them stroll into the banquet hall and exchange bantering remarks with those at table.

"Come, come, Hans Nielsen," says a landlord, "have patience, my man! Something will remain for you!" Then they all laugh—a roar resounding through the house—and continue their meal with splendid appetites. But Hans Nielsen goes out to his people grumbling: "Aren't we farmers the ones that keep everything going?"

They wait some more, talking about the wind and the weather, God and the King—waiting. Like a lifetime their wait appears to them, so impatient are they and eager to take part in the affair inside.

Further down, at the fire station, sitting in groups are the lowliest of the parish, the renters and day laborers with their wives. They are here more to

watch the others at their meal and to enjoy their great appetite. To be sure they have been invited, too, for none has been forgotten; but only for the second day of the celebration and for the corned beef. Those powerful ones in there do not care in the least for that, so these have nothing to fear and may live in joyful anticipation of the morrow, while they listen admiringly to the noisy talk of the upper village.

Yonder on the meadow at the village pond the young people of the parish are dancing. They are unrestrained in their joy, for they, too, are invited—for the third day, to eat whatever is left.

The mighty men at the tables have gradually capitulated. They stretch and clear their throats; the high officials are using toothpicks according to the latest style, belching into rounded cheeks. Their eyes take on an ever more satisfied and glassy stare. Not one gives the impression that he is eager to clear the way.

"Well, one really must move around a bit," finally comes from a heavy-set landlord who stretches himself. "O God, how one does get filled up!"

"Yes, all glory to God!" says the Pastor with solemnity and arises. The sexton is already behind his chair in order to take his place.

THE villagers stream in before the others can make room. The noise of the change wells up like the tumult of a great battle. The lowly rush to the window. "O, they're only changing places!" they say, smiling and relieved.

The upper villagers resign their places with intentional tardiness and chide their heirs with good-humored, condescending raillery about their eagerness: "Well, sure; now it's your turn to try your strength. Then it will be clear who was most active in the service of the Fatherland! O, it's easy enough to stand with the Opposition and to criticize. But now, good people, it's time to show some action!" The relieving party does not answer, but is satisfied to nod confidently. Enough time has been wasted on words; now it's time for deeds.

But first the Judge proposes a toast for the King. Both groups join. After the common Hurrah! the hour of the villagers has finally come.

The lowly are less timid of this group. They press their faces against the windows a bit boldly and discuss the ones within without reserve.

And the villagers really have a totally different manner of attacking things. They pray solemnly before the meal in deadly silence; then they seize their tools eagerly and help themselves with resolute mien. They have not the long experience of the first group in eating with proper decorum, such as he must acquire on whom all eyes are fixed during a meal. They open their mouths wider than is strictly necessary, though

for that reason they are not necessarily more gluttonous than their predecessors.

Still it might appear so; and it would not be at all strange if the third group were to begin worrying about the next day. When an actual start is made on the corned beef barrels, they grumble and the boldest among them walk in and loudly scold.

"Now, really, you must give us a little time, good people!" says Hans Nielsen. "Our turn has finally come and we're sitting pretty."

"Your time will come, too," says the sexton with a voice which he had copied from the parson, "if not here, then in the other world." They all join in a roaring laugh and attack the corned beef with splendid appetite. But the lowliest go out disgruntled to their people. "Aren't we the ones that do all the work?" they ask.

Out on the meadow the young people are dancing wild with joy—for are they not invited for the third day, for the left-overs? Perhaps nothing will be left, but youth is happy nevertheless. Banquet or no banquet, a festival is a festival!

And isn't it now the time of warm days and bright nights? All the fields are brilliantly green and all the bushes beautiful. The future lies in a haze of glory which nothing can obscure. So youth dances on tirelessly while its elders wrangle over food.



Mower

J. J. Lankes

The *Instinct* (?) of Race Prejudice

LORINE PRUETTE

A STUDENT in a psychology class defended her racial prejudices by the statement, "You can't help it. It's just *natural*." "No," countered the instructor, "you learned it at your mother's knee."

The student was trying to assert that her prejudice was an instinct, that it was an inevitable part of her, like her hair or the color of her eyes. She did not stop to think that in another country her particular form of race prejudice might not exist at all. She did not stop to think that very young children of all races play together without any feeling of prejudice and she did not realize how early fond mothers begin to instill into their children those feelings of caste from which race prejudices arise. When the children scarcely talk the mother begins to say "don't play with that little boy. He's *common*." Or she says, "he's a *Jew*," or names some other racial group in the same tone of abhorrence. Just as a dog is trained to obey his master's commands, so the child is trained in behavior that is approved and away from behavior that is disapproved. He learns to respond, as the dog responds, to the *tone*; by and by he responds to the word itself regardless of the tone and eventually he may respond to the idea back of the word. In many cases of race prejudice it is safe to say that the individual is responding to the word and the tone with very little conception of the idea represented by the word.

The psychology instructor was trying to point this out. He wanted to make it clear that the student's prejudice was something in which she had been conditioned early in life, that it belonged to the culture of her group and not to biology. Almost any attitude which was fairly common was once ascribed to "instinct." Instinct became a great, all-covering word which made further investigation unnecessary. We had instincts of almost everything, running into long, imposing categories. There was nothing to be done about almost everything in human nature. It might be undesirable, but it was an instinct, and you need not try to change it.

Women had instinctive fears of mice and snakes, and there was nothing to be done about it. Now that short skirts and active bodies and freedom to tramp the woods and fields have become popular for women they are surprisingly losing their instinctive fears. Young men used to get instinctively jealous if their wives danced with another man. Now that it is no longer a part of our culture for husbands to be so possessively jealous the actions of wives have been greatly widened without any perceptible suffering on the part

of husbands who would once certainly have felt they owed it to their instincts as red-blooded men to provoke a fight, or at the least march the offending wife off the floor. With growth in knowledge instincts have gone out of fashion as the complete explanation and excuse of our most absurd actions. Psychology, that once seemed to require a whole drove of instincts, has discovered that it can now get along with very few and certain schools are even declaring that they function gloriously without any instincts at all.

We do not need to enter into the technical controversy over the meaning and validity of the few instincts with which most psychologists are now content to get along. It is enough to realize that such vague and fluctuating attitudes as race prejudice have long since lost the sanctity and authority which they once carried as part of the original endowment of man. If there were an instinct of race prejudice it would have to be specific in a way that is not found for such emotional attitudes. We would have an instinct of prejudice against the Negro, the Jew, the white man or the Hot tentot as the case might be; this would be universal; it would probably appear early in life and it should function under practically any conditions.

Now, we know very well that race prejudice is not like this. It varies from country to country in the form that it will take, and it varies from time to time in its intensity. It is a tradition that is handed down primarily through the family. It carries on, not so much through direct inculcation, as through the conditioning of the child to tones and facial expressions. The physiologists and the behavioristic psychologists have made clear how very easy it is to set up conditionings in the child. We see this every day in ourselves. A shade flapping when you receive unpleasant news may be so tied up to your response to the unpleasant news that the next time you hear a shade flapping you become uncomfortable, even though you have forgotten the conditioning. In the same way, the music the orchestra was playing that night you took your best girl out on the lake may all the rest of your life arouse pleasant and sentimental feelings in yourself. In technical terms, conditioning means the association of a biologically inadequate stimulus with a biologically adequate one, so that in the absence of the adequate stimulus the inadequate one alone may call out the response.

Now, in most cases the inadequate stimulus tends to die away and to lose its effect; it needs to be re-

peated again and again in connection with the adequate stimulus. The child does not learn the first or second time that he must not play with this or that little boy; he has to learn it over and over again until finally he forgets that he had to learn it at all. People who have learned their lesson the best are often the very persons most likely to forget how they learned it; thus great athletes frequently make poor instructors in their own

field, second nature having become for them so like original nature. In the same way, people who have best learned their lesson of racial prejudice and intolerance are likely to be most assured that they never learned this at all. They have forgotten what they learned at mother's knee; they prefer to justify their own behavior by references to a nature that was never more than nurture.

Jesus

ROBERT L. CRUDEN

IN his essay "The State and Revolution," Lenin makes the following statement: "During the lifetime of great revolutionaries, the oppressing classes have invariably meted out to them relentless persecution, and received their teachings with the most savage hostility, most furious hatred, and a ruthless campaign of lies and slanders. After their death, however, attempts are usually made to turn them into harmless saints, canonizing them, as it were, and investing their name with a certain halo by way of 'consolation' to the oppressed classes, and with the object of duping them; while at the same time emasculating and vulgarizing the real essence of their revolutionary theories and blunting their revolutionary edge." A better synopsis of the decay of Christianity would be hard to find; a more brilliant summary of the rise of the "Christian" Church has yet to be written; as a clear, cold, concise picture of the fate of Jesus Christ it is without parallel!

To me the life of Jesus is amazing, unparalleled in the annals of time, a burst of flame in a night of hypocrisy and death. He came, a poor, untutored village carpenter of lowly parents, into a world writhing and groaning in the birth of a new, even as we today are living in one of the most momentous periods in the history of mankind. The mighty Empire of Rome had closed its talons on the Chosen People; the fasces had supplanted the Star of Judah in the land of Moses. The Jews, an intensely religious and patriotic people, were chafing at the foreign despot. Revolts had taken place time and again; they had been drowned in blood. To the Jews, in their sheer despair, the time of redemption had come; things simply *could* not grow worse, the Messiah would appear to lead them out of bondage, humble the eagle of Rome, and proclaim the Holy Year of the Lord! The whole atmosphere was as tense as the moment before a cyclone, laden with dangers and promises which would sweep the country to death or to freedom.

THEN Jesus came on the scene. He was called the Messiah. But He was not the avenging angel pictured by Isaiah, He was not the royal prince of Jehovah about whom David had sung, nor was He the scourge and destroyer of the Gentiles about whom the prophets had waxed eloquent. This Jesus was a simple man, a loving, cheerful, brotherly man. He was a quiet, peaceful, honest man. Instead of going into the synagogues to shriek for Roman blood and the help of an avenging deity, He taught them a doctrine of peace, He showed them an ideal of brotherhood; He taught them to pray to a loving God, He showed them how to trust in that God. Indeed, He did more; He showed the Jews the gigantic folly of the use of force, in any case; in their situation He showed them that their puny strength would vanish in blood before the conquering legions of Rome. But His teachings were not popular; they were not patriotic. The hundred-per-centers marked that down as indictment number one!

This man had more foolish—and dangerous—ideas. He did not believe that the Samaritans and the Syrians and the Romans were inferior to the Jews. Were not the Jews the chosen people? Had they not made the chief contributions to civilization? Were they not inherently superior to all peoples of the earth? Yet this strange Jew paid no attention to all that: He cured a Syrian girl, healed a Roman servant, and talked freely with Samaritans. He even had the audacity to say that there was such a thing as a "good Samaritan." And even worse, He said, "Whosoever carry out the will of God, he is my brother and she my sister." This threatened the whole social structure, they said. This was indictment number two!

Towering above all these, like Everest above the Himalayas, was His attitude toward the classes in society. "Blessed are ye that hunger—blessed are ye that weep—blessed are ye when men shall hate you and cast out your name as evil for my sake. Woe unto you that

are rich, woe unto you that are full now, woe unto you that laugh, woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you! . . . Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. . . . Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. . . . Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added

unto you." The leaders of the Jews nodded their heads and added indictment number three. He is radical!

Here is my Christ. The man of the masses, the rebel of rebels, the Great Lover. Need we wonder now what Lenin meant when he once wrote of Christianity as a "revolutionary, democratic spirit"?

Freedom

FAYE L. MITCHELL

SPRING had leisurely flirted her way through southern and central Europe before she arrived in the Baltic country. That stern land had resolved not to yield to Spring's flatteries, but as ever the jade was successful. The great heart of the land—the mighty Dūna—melted with a rush, and overnight the trees grew thick with green and the flowers were everywhere. The ice and the darkness of the long winter were gone, the river was free, the summer with sunshine and harvest was coming.

The spirit of this was in Ivan's thoughts as he rowed his boat down the Dūna. He had been on the river since early dawn. The warm May sunshine made him want to doze and drift with the current, but he stirred himself to new efforts, determined to reach Riga in the forenoon while the market was at its height.

That pig grunting in the sack at his feet must be sold. How fine it would be that evening to give Miksi the money and tell her to buy her wedding dress! That was what it meant to be free. His grandfather, even his father, could not have brought a pig to market to sell. They would have had to take it to the Baron, and were lucky if they got the feet and insides to take home for themselves.

Now everyone was free. His Miksi would have a better time than her mother poor soul; he touched his forehead and chest piously. That was a dark time during the war when they had lived on roots and straw, and he had to watch his Marusha getting thinner, and then he lost her. Just what the war had meant, or what armies had marched across his fields he didn't know or care. He had a flag for each and would gladly display it if they would leave him alone.

Ivan chuckled to himself as he thought of the clever trick he had played. The Baron was gone, would never come back, they said. The bit of livestock had been in Ivan's care. He watched the soldiers build dugouts and cover them with growing bushes so no one knew where they were. So Ivan built one, and when an army came along, into the dugout went the cow and

pigs, and just enough chickens to look reasonable were left above ground.

By luck they were never discovered, and when the war was over and the new rulers gave him a bit of land he had something to start with. Never mind if it wasn't as good as some of the others held, it was enough for him, and was his own. When Miksi left he would have only himself to care for, life would be easy. Enough candles to burn for Marusha every Sunday and he could have vodka on holidays.

He was glad he had let Miksi go to that school for country girls for a few weeks last summer. At home she would never have met that young student, and now his Miksi would have a good home. How happy she had been all winter, spinning and weaving and sewing. But for the wedding dress the goods must come from the store, and the pig at his feet would supply the money. At this thought he once more rowed vigorously.

"But how lucky" said a man as Ivan's boat touched the shore. "I am just looking for a fine pig. Art thou in a hurry to return home, comrade?"

"Of a truth. It is many versts and it will be hard pulling up the river which wishes to run to the sea."

"Then perhaps we can strike a bargain. Of course one would not try to underpay so knowing a fellow as thou art. Oh, it is a fine animal! Would then four rubles be the price?"

But Ivan must justify the praise—"Six rubles, and not a kopek less."

"Did I not say thou wert wise?" laughed the stranger. "But come, the sun is getting high, and I must hasten. See this five ruble piece, it will be lighter to carry home than the pig! And here is a flask of vodka to give your arms strength for the homeward journey."

The heat, the long journey, the smell of vodka—"It is done" cried Ivan, and they shook hands on it. For a little while Ivan rested in his boat and watched the people passing. He munched his bread and cheese, and patted the pocket where his money was carefully wrapped in a handkerchief.

Late that evening he burst into the kitchen waving his hand triumphantly. Miksi turned from stirring the fragrant soup and gave him the smile kept only for the dear simple father. She took the coin, looked at it and gasped. Then quickly, "It is wonderful, I must put it away at once." And she ran to put it in a tiny box she kept in the big chest in the corner.

Later, comfortable with the warm soup, his pipe of mahorka, and a bit of vodka (not too much, it does strange things to one's stomach), Ivan put some questions.

"Miksi, why didst thou look so strange when I gave thee the coin? Was it so little?"

"No, no, father! It was so wonderful for you to take that long trip just to get money for me!"

"And it will be quite enough with the other five rubles thou got for the linen?"

"Oh, a fortune! My dress will be so lovely, thou shalt see!"

Ivan smiled happily, and shaking out his pipe rose

and stretched. "Now I must sleep, for the fields will call me tomorrow."

Alone in the candlelight Miksi took out her little box from the chest and put the two coins on the table. The gold five ruble piece with its double eagle—symbol of slavery—seemed to flash up at her a promise that it would try and retrieve past wrongs by stretching itself to buy all needed things. The other coin flashed bravely too, and to one unable to read they looked the same. But it was only five centimes, just from the mint, new as the freedom of her country. More than two hundred of them would it take to equal her five rubles.

"The father must never know he was cheated," she murmured. "It would break his heart, and with five rubles I can buy a dress the old innocent will think cost fifty rubles."

The three stars on the five centime piece twinkled at her, "Your children will be able to learn to read, with all that that means. Even if I cannot buy your dress, what I stand for will bring you happiness. I am not gold, but I symbolize gold, the gold of freedom."

A Son of Mars Remembers

CARL KNUDSEN

"EXPERIENCES in the Navy" was the subject of the captain's address to our Men's Club. We thought we would be broadminded and have a militarist speak to us and then a pacifist. We picked this man for the militarist. He had spent ten years in the navy including the period of the world war. Certainly, we thought, he would have imbibed the psychology of the war lord.

The seats were occupied by several gentlemen who thought they would at last hear an antidote to their pastor's pacifism. Bomb number one came when the captain declared that practically every American in the war had a good time. It was adventure and a world tour for him. Even the men who stayed home had a good time. The high pressure of the liberty bond drives, the sensational news, and the sugar saving all made them feel a glorious break with the humdrum existence of shops, factories, mines, schools, and offices. "Mothers were the only ones that didn't have a good time," he said. "My mother was a beautiful young lady when the war started." Then to the amazement of everyone his penetrating eyes filled and his throat refused to work. He finished with difficulty, "and she was a beautiful old lady when the war ended."

He spent most of his time at convoy duty in the Mediterranean. One night a ship laden with fifteen

million dollars' worth of airplane parts was struck by a torpedo. About fifty sailors jumped into the ocean and could be seen clinging to boxes, boards, and anything else that floated. His tug, going ten miles an hour, went past them. He was sure that it went over some of the men because they were so thick ahead and so numerous on both sides. He could hear them yell, "For Christ's sake, throw us a line." The boat did not stop, though it was the last one in the convoy.

"In war time," he said, "the boys were worth \$10,000 apiece, the maximum insurance premium." The airplane parts were worth more. If the boat had stopped, the men might have missed sighting a submarine, and another ship, loaded with ammunition, might have sunk. A fellow officer got nervous indignation from the experience of that night. He has not recovered to this day. The speaker said, "You can't imagine how those cries could make a man shake in his boots. They haunt me yet."

At the end of his speech he took an index card from his pocket and read a quotation from the twenty-seventh chapter of Acts giving the details of Paul's last journey through the Mediterranean bound as a prisoner to Rome. "I passed through the same waters in 1918 and saw Christians killing Christians. Or at least they claimed they were Christians. That is my message," he said and then sat down.

THE questions and answers which followed his main address are given in part:

Question: "Do you think the Allies were as atrocious as the Germans during the war?"

Answer: "Of course, they had to be. War is no place for religion. If you go over the top thinking that you are going to murder your beloved friend or your dear brother you will not be worth anything as a soldier."

Question: "On the whole, were most of the boys stricken with fear in trips such as you told us about?"

Answer: "They were not. Life was monotonous and they wanted something to happen. It is a great spectacle to see a big ship sink. It provided a thrill that no one could forget. Of course, you had to learn to overlook the loss of human life."

Question: "What was your impression of the character of the average American sailor?"

Answer: "He may have been all right when he enlisted, but the reports of our clinics showed that at least a third of our sailors were compelled to seek treatment for social diseases."

Question: "I think you are a little hard on our boys. I believe all of them came back morally improved after their war time experiences. Today the American Legion is the backbone of law enforcement in the United States."

Answer: "I do not want to criticize any of your friends. They may have come back unblemished. All I can say is that the men I dealt with were not able to resist the temptations that they met under the abnormal circumstances of navy life."

Question: "Do you not think it is possible to be religious in war time?"

Answer: "A Y. M. C. A. man came to me in Brest and said he wanted to do something for the boys on my boat. I told him to go ahead and go as far as he wanted to. Soon he came back with eight packages of cigarettes and three sacks full of hymn books. I passed out the cigarettes, but put the hymn books in my own quarters. When we steamed out to sea that night I quietly threw them overboard. I knew how the boys would take it if they were presented with hymn books. It would have been too sacrilegious for words. No, war is no place for Christianity."

THE members of the program committee think that the men of the club have already heard a pacifist. In order to be broadminded they are trying to find an honest-to-goodness heel clicking, big jawed, nail chewing son of Mars. Nothing less could counteract the effect of the captain on the patriotism of the men. One 100 per cent American who listened to the address was heard to remark, "No, sir, I didn't like it at all. He was altogether too hard on the United States Navy."

Nine Years After

Elmer Garrett Meekins fought in the war.

The war has been over nine years now, but not for Elmer Meekins. Last Friday he went to his physician. He had been ill, or "ailing" rather, for he was able to continue his work and support his wife. The physician looked over Elmer Meekins.

"You've not got long to live, son," he told him. "The war got you and you'll never get over it."

It wasn't until yesterday that Meekins' heartbroken wife admitted all this to the Missing Persons Bureau. She asked for help. She said her husband had gone away to die. And the story she told began ten years ago when he went off to war.

They were to be married. Meekins had a good job as an electrician. The United States got into the war. Meekins, although then twenty-nine, joined the 25th Engineers. The Engineers needed electricians and he was a good one, his wife said.

The records tell what the 25th Engineers did. They weren't in the first line trenches, but they were at the same time in the thick of the great offensive of the Allies against the Germans at Verdun. Meekins was sent forward with needed supplies for men in the front line trenches. He got there and he won a citation for bravery. But in so doing he ran into an attack of mustard gas and no one knew about it until he had finished the job.

They said afterward that he would recover. In any way, according to his wife, it seemed as if he had. But every once in a while he had to stop work on account of trouble with his chest. He never told anyone that mustard gas had anything to do with it.

"He seldom spoke to me of the war," said his wife. "He wanted to forget it."

Meekins came home Friday night in as good spirits as ever. He went, apparently to work, the next morning in good spirits: coughing a little—"just the old ailment," he said to his wife.

While she was fixing up the apartment she saw a note on the bureau.

"I don't want to burden you any longer," it read. "The doctor has told me the truth. I haven't got long to live. It's the old mustard gas. I'm going away to die."

He left behind all the money he had saved, except a small part, and the fact that he took some money gives hope to his wife he is at least somewhere, trying to live. Inquiring of neighbors, she learned he had gone away in the Meekins' coupe car.

Mrs. Meekins has gone to work. But she said yesterday she didn't mind. Nor has she resentment, only worry, for her husband. She said she understood.

"It was the war," she said. "The war."—Reprint from *New York World*, Dec. 7, 1927.

The Book End

The World Tomorrow reviews only books which it believes, after critical evaluation, to be helpful and interesting. On rare occasions it includes unfavorable comment on a popular volume which seems sufficiently misleading to render adverse criticism imperative.

White Coal

IN the last days of May senators filibustered over the Boulder Dam bill; after many delays Senator Norris's bill for the government operation of Muscle Shoals passed both houses of Congress; and, as a result of the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the power lobby, many citizens are hearing for the first time of the extent to which the utilities have gone in their propaganda to discredit public operation and control. Nothing could be more helpful at such a time than the study of the power problem presented by H. S. Raushenbush and Harry W. Laidler in their *Power Control*.

It sets forth clearly the issues in the controversy over hydro-electric power. Shall the public permit the present system of ineffective regulation, high rates, and financial manipulation to continue, or shall it move to safeguard its present and future interests by more effective regulation and some degree of government operation?

In 1926 five great holding companies controlled 46.9 per cent of all the power generated in the United States. Eight more controlled an additional 22.6 per cent. The twenty largest companies controlled more than four-fifths (83.1 per cent) of all the national output. To safeguard the public against this concentration of financial power and the monopoly control of a public necessity we have only the numerous state regulatory commissions, greatly handicapped by insufficient appropriations and legal limitations. Only a part of the reduction in costs made possible by the great engineering developments in the electrical industry has been passed on to the public in the form of reduced rates. Consumers have suffered because holding companies, in their race for control, have paid exorbitant prices for operating companies and these prices have been capitalized into new rate bases; because operating companies have paid unduly large fees to parent companies for merely nominal services; because rates, in accordance with the decisions of the courts, have been based in a time of high prices on replacement costs rather than on actual costs. State commissions, limited to regulation within a state, have been nearly helpless in their attempt to control great utility interests with nation-wide ramifications. The proof of it all, according to the authors, lies in the fact that large, publicly operated systems, such as those in Ontario, Los Angeles, and Seattle, have been selling power at rates considerably lower than those charged by private companies, and have at the same time made progress in retiring the debts incurred when they were created.

In the belief that general public operation, which they would prefer to any other solution, is not likely to be accepted at present, the authors propose securing really effective regulation by extending the power of state commissions over holding companies and inter-company contracts, and keeping rate bases as close as possible to investment values. This, they contend, is the very least that should be done. In addition they advocate government operation of power plants at Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, and else-

where, as measuring sticks which would enable the public to compare the relatively low rates under such operation with the higher rates common under private enterprise. They believe that the operation of such public enterprises would compel the private companies to lower their rates in order to compete.

It will take something more than the usual talk about Socialism and Bolshevism to counteract the effect of such competent criticism of existing power control as this book presents. It deserves the widest possible circulation. (Published by the New Republic, Inc. \$1.)

EDWARD BERMAN

The Story of Mexico

TO one who has a real concern that Mexico's present efforts to establish her political, economic, social and religious freedom be intelligently understood against their true historical perspective, Dr. George B. Winton's book, *Mexico, Past and Present*, comes as a boon. He writes clearly, concisely, dispassionately but with great sympathy and understanding. After forty years' close observation and fourteen years' residence in Mexico, he sets forth his interpretation of Mexican history from the days of the Aztecs to the summer of 1927, recognizing the fact that these interpretations are "necessarily personal" and accepting full responsibility therefor. The book is thoroughly readable.

The chapters dealing with the land and the people, the Spanish conquest and domination, the struggle for political independence and attempts at self-government down to the time of Diaz' dictatorship (1884-1911) are well done, but those covering the later years of Diaz' regime and the Revolution of 1910 to the present time bear the earmarks of specially close and keen observation and are so vividly written that one closes the book feeling that he has come to know the Mexico of today, its problems, its leaders and their policies, and has a substantial framework into which to build more detailed treatments of specific problems.

The author's frank appraisals of persons, situations and policies inspire confidence on the part of a careful student. The risks taken by foreign oil producers are duly recognized, but their determined efforts to mold Mexican governmental policies to their own advantage are as clearly set forth. The evaluation of Carranza's personality and achievements is much higher than that of most writers on Mexico, because he is convinced that the mind of the U. S. and Mexico was deliberately poisoned against Carranza by the Washington press bureau of the organized American oil producers, who contributed heavily to his overthrow. Adolfo de la Huerta is described as the looter of the national treasury to finance a revolt against Obregon and "the tool of the privileged classes, the 'cientificos' of the Diaz period, and their eternal ally, the Roman Catholic hierarchy." The reader may not always like his interpretations, but they have the ring of truth and honesty. (Published by Cokesbury Press, Nashville, \$2.)

AMY BLANCHE GREENE.

Shoddy

ONLY a few people can be a part of a system and yet retain enough detachment to make a critical evaluation of its dominant characteristics. Dan Brummit, the author of *Shoddy*,¹ is a Methodist editor. The Methodist system is in many ways more self-sufficing, more of a closed corporation than any other denominational system. But Dan Brummit has not been taken in by it as completely as most of its devotees. His is a critical loyalty and recently he has put his astute evaluation of its virtues and limitations in the form of a novel, *Shoddy*. I expected to learn much about the Methodist church in particular and about American Protestantism in general by reading this novel. I did not expect it to be such a good story. It is good enough to have kept me awake long after I usually lay down the bed-time story. I don't know whether it is a good device to give us a glimpse of the end of the story at its beginning, as Brummit does, but that is the only fault I can find with it as a story. Many reviewers have compared *Shoddy* with Sinclair Lewis' *Elmer Gantry*. Brummit's characters have the ring of reality about them. They are sharply delineated and maintain their integrity throughout. A man who is as close to the inside as Brummit is bound to catch the significant weaknesses of the minister much more truly than a caricaturist like Lewis. True to life, the sins which corrupt the life of Bishop Bonafede are the subtle sins of the mind, pride and bargaining for cheap success, rather than the brazen sins which Lewis hangs on to his straw man Gantry.

While the story is steeped in Methodism and while some of its most interesting aspects, particularly the political jockeying which attends the episcopal elections, have no universal significance, the book in general is a ray of illumination for the whole Protestant scene.

The bishop hero-villain of this plot is an ordinary young man with energy, a glib tongue and boundless ambition. These endowments carry him into episcopal office. The power of wealth and social influence is artfully enlisted in the interest of the young man's career. The whole sordid struggle for position is accompanied and not very effectually obscured by a constant run of pious platitudes. The story is true enough to life to make others besides bishops feel uneasy. The most dangerous thing in the world is to make a profession, and a living, out of religion. The danger is that everything which goes on "in the world" by way of gratification of private and personal ambition shall be a part of the ecclesiastical world, with religion becoming not a restraint upon but a veil for man's natural tendency to substitute cheap success for moral integrity.

The pathetic self-deception so prevalent in the clerical world is artfully portrayed in this volume and the whole story seems authentic except the end. The bishop repents. The church has no place for a repentant bishop and forces him to brazen it out to the end. That part is not convincing. With God all things are possible but that does not change the fact that some things are highly improbable. One of them is the awakening of men who have spent their life in self-deception. All of us practice little self-deceptions from which we may be rescued at times provided there is a real integrity at the center of life. But men like Brummit's bishop do not repent. Living in a world constructed by their own fantasy and protected from harsh reality by the obfuscation of their fellows they can not get at the truth. It might have been better, therefore, to let the world see the paths

of this life without letting it get a glimpse of itself. It might have been truer to life. But perhaps that is an unwarranted cynicism.

R. N.

The Geneva Spirit

APPRECIATIVE yet critical is the volume *The League of Nations*, by John Spencer Bassett. Perhaps it is more appreciative than critical. This is frequently the case with books and articles that are written from the scene of action. It is rumored that many an American journalist who has been sent to Geneva has returned to bless. The Geneva spirit seems to be infectious.

Dr. Bassett makes it clear that the League has failed lamentably on several significant occasions and that some of its important decisions have been flagrantly unjust. Certain major tendencies are regarded with apprehension. Yet one is left with the impression that, considering the hatred and fear out of which it sprang and the jealousies and rivalries with which it has continuously been surrounded, the League has achieved an amazing degree of success. A long list of its accomplishments is presented. Sympathetic interpretations are given of the major crisis which it has confronted. This is probably the most illuminating volume of the League of Nations that has yet appeared. (Published by Longmans, Green and Co., \$3.50.)

K. P.

A History of Liberal Thought

GUIDO DE RUGGIERO has undertaken a great and necessary task in his *History of European Liberalism*. Beginning with the French Revolution he carries through the main currents of Liberal thought and movements in England, France, Germany, and Italy. In the second part he points out the relationship between Liberalism and Democracy, Socialism, Nationalism, the problem of Church and State, etc. The book remains on the highway of thought without blazing any trails for the specialist. It is intended for the intelligent general reader, interested in the history of Liberal thought. There is a bit too much facile generalization and a rather strong lingering of war prejudice against Germany. The translation from the Italian is by R. G. Collingwood. (Published by the Oxford University Press, \$5.50.)

H. C. E.

Group Thinking

ONCE upon a time, the ideal of leadership in the conduct of a discussion was the presentation of questions so skillfully worded that, as Laura Boyer phrased it, "the group may be led smoothly and without a break in the thought from one step to another until conviction is secured." In those days declamation contests and debates, in which each team labored "to make the worse appear the better reason," were deemed educational devices. Robert's Rules of Order were revered as the last word on parliamentary procedure. Today, alas, one reads that "in the process of group thinking the purpose is stated in terms of a search or quest." The only type of public discussion which is regarded as educational is one wherein the participants (I had almost written the "contestants") enlarge their own ideas in the

¹ Published by Willett, Clark and Colby, \$2.

process, and learn to evaluate accurately the suggestions introduced by their comrades. Now one reads that Robert's Rules of Order are "the rules of a fight." "They are intended to prevent unfair advantage and to give the minority a fighting chance. But parliamentary law is not intended for cooperative discussion. . . ." "The aim of a democracy is to secure the active participation of every individual up to the limit of his capacity in the conduct of all his social, vocational, and political affairs." And democratic decision is always a constructive *integration* of interests and opinions, as revised in creative group experience, never mere compromise "which means suppressing differences," nor the dictatorship of one party at the expense of the others. The gist of the change is the conception that group experience is not a mere clash of preformed opinions but a creative, synthetic process.

The substance of Mr. Elliott's presentation of *The Process of Group Thinking*¹ is a discussion of the technique of conducting study classes, conferences and conventions. In this field the author is perhaps the best qualified leader in contemporary religious circles. There are few readers of the *WORLD TOMORROW*, I venture, who have never found themselves "group-thinking" where the lithe figure of Professor Harrison Elliott (otherwise known as "Sonny"), poised like a tennis player at net, drew them into greater freedom of expression than they really felt to be quite decent. Out of this wide experience, Mr. Elliott describes the combination of analytic and synthetic activity and the disciplined self-restraint requisite for a real leader of group thought. There are hundreds of specific and practical suggestions. No educator or minister has any right to conduct another conference until he has read this book.

As a "methodology of democracy" the technique of "helping large bodies to make up their minds" must be rated as secondary to the more fundamental organization of group control in industry and politics. There is a danger in focusing attention on what happens in conventions to the neglect of what happens in the shops and the wards. In focusing attention on the value of conferences one is liable to neglect the relation of all genuine thinking to the underlying material and cultural factors. There is just a trace of this in Mr. Elliott's book. "In genuine discussion folk come with open mind and with problems." "Persons should not take sides early in the discussion." Such ideals of academic discussion are rather futile if applied to industrial and political conference where the very clash of economic forces and prejudices sets the stage for the discussion. Also, it might be urged that emphasis on adult discussion tends to obscure the primary importance of the cultural processes which determine in early childhood, as the researches of Piaget and others show, the fundamental thought-habits of the individual. But the author certainly does not intend to leave any of these impressions. He points especially to such studies as Follett's *The New State*, and to the trend of experimental education in America.

FRANK LORIMER

Negro Literary Achievement

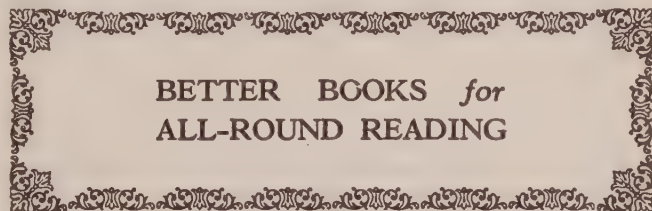
IT is high time I did a little conscientious log-rolling for my friend Charles Johnson, editor of *Opportunity* and a Contributing Editor of *THE WORLD TOMORROW*. I shall not be paid for it, but if I succeed in interesting any new readers in Johnson's magazine, verily theirs shall be the reward.

On certain newsstands you will find a magazine of the get-rich-

quick order. Its name is *Opportunity*. That is *not* the one; that one merely took a good name belonging to a better.

No invidious comparisons are intended when you are urged, if you are familiar only with the older magazines of Negro editorship, to acquaint yourself with the work of *Opportunity*, organ of the National Urban League. It is sprightly, at times profound, and always a mirror of the new thought and purpose of the younger Negro generation. Johnson has brought together in a beautiful large book a collection of some representative Negro writing—verse, articles, stories, and some drawing also. There is an occasional enlightening touch from older and probably little-known Negro masters. *Ebony* and *Topaz*—*A Collectanea* displays vital power and originality, and contributes substantially to America's literary record. (Published by Opportunity, 17 Madison Avenue, New York City, \$3.)

D. A.



BETTER BOOKS for ALL-ROUND READING

A Short History of the British Working Class Movement, by G. D. H. Cole (Vol. III). New York: Macmillan, 1927. 5½ x 8¾. 237 pages. \$2.50. Mr. Cole carries on with the final part of his clarifying and informative three volume work. This one covers the period since 1900.

Russian Poetry and Anthology, Chosen and Translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. New York: International Publishers, 1927. 5½ x 7¾. 254 pages. \$2.25. Lyric verse of old and new Russia, sensitively handled and tolerably comprehensive from Pushkin to Blok, Yesenin, and Kazin.

Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1928. 6 x 8¾. 352 pages. \$2.50. The most discussed play of the season. Acclaimed by many critics as one of the most significant contributions to the American drama.

Preaching Values in New Translations of the New Testament, by Halford E. Luccock. New York: Abingdon Press, 1928. 5¾ x 8. 312 pages. \$2. Brief and stimulating comments upon 150 texts as phrased by Moffatt, Weymouth and Goodspeed.

Young India, by Mahatma Gandhi. New York: The Viking Press, 1927. 5¾ x 7½. 984 pages. \$5. Reprints of Gandhi's most important writings during the period 1924-26. Gives an excellent insight into his philosophy of life.

Eighth Yearbook of The League of Nations. Boston: World Peace Foundation, 40 Mount Vernon Street. 1928. 5½ x 8. 188 pages. 30 cents. A comprehensive review of the activities of the League during the past year.

Locarno, by Alfred Fabre-Luce. New York: Knopf, 1928. 5½ x 8½. 209 pages. \$3. An informing survey of recent European events by a liberal Frenchman.

The Mirage of Versailles, by Herman Stegemann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. 6 x 9. 360 pages. \$5. By a survey of post-war Europe the author tries to show that Versailles has not displaced Germany as the hub of the European wheel. Almost he persuadeth us.

¹ Published by the Association Press, \$8.

CORRESPONDENCE

Ex-Governor Sweet Takes Issue

IN the May number of THE WORLD TOMORROW Mr. Devere Allen, one of the editors, asks "How Long Should a Peace Society Live?" It depends upon the point of view. In his criticism of the American Peace Society, he clearly indicates that in his opinion this Society has outlived its usefulness.

It will be generally conceded that a peace society should live as long as war exists. There are many who believe that the American Peace Society will exist until war has been abolished.

I am too new a member of the American Peace Society to possess the requisite knowledge to reply in detail to Mr. Allen's article. It is not necessary to do so in order to justify the existence of this organization. Mr. Allen's chief complaint is that the society is departing from its early history in that its peace program is not sufficiently positive and thoroughgoing to meet the peace problem as it exists today.

The historical address made at the recent meeting of the Society in Cleveland by Prof. Merle E. Curti of Smith College, revealed the fact that for many years after the founding of the society in 1828, there was the greatest contention between the radicals and the conservatives, the pacifists and those who justify war under certain conditions. Mr. Allen clearly pointed out that William Ladd was not at the beginning of his career a pacifist. As the active spirit in the important amalgamation of some three dozen peace societies he "marvellously overcame difficulties of transportation, and even greater problems of differing views and kept alive a fellowship of many shades of opinion, its first serious rift occurring not until five years after his death, which took place in 1841." In these words Mr. Allen commends William Ladd for his conciliatory spirit and it may very well be that the American Peace Society is following the best traditions of its founder when it does this same thing in this generation. Indeed it is altogether possible that some of the members of the American Peace Society might even become pacifists as William Ladd did. Pacifism was expounded at the Cleveland convention by Prof. Jesse H. Holmes of Swarthmore College. The ultra-pacifist would applaud the most thoroughgoing and effective manner in which Prof. Holmes spoke against all wars of any nature whatsoever.

The American Peace Society had not had a meeting since the war. Its magazine, *Advocate of Peace*, has sought to interpret the mind of the Society as best it could during this interval. If it has seemed to some militant pacifists that it was lacking in initiative and vigor, it should be borne in mind that without specific instruction from the Society, or without a meeting through which its present attitude and spirit toward existing peace movements could be made known, it was incumbent upon this organ of publicity to try to act in a conciliatory manner toward all those who differed as to what should constitute an effective peace effort. While the American Peace Society has sought to do this particular thing it would nevertheless be unfortunate for the peace movement if separate agencies did not exist to exploit certain very necessary aspects of the peace problem. Those who direct these specific efforts, however, must not become impatient and hypercritical of a society which exists as a clearing house for all shades of opinion. This is not intended to mean that such a clearing house society should lack drive or initiative or fail to have a definite program concerning what it is necessary to do to bring about a durable peace. The writer is not unmindful of the contribution to the

peace movement which all existing agencies for peace are making, but he does not see the advantage to this movement in America trying to force the activities of all the societies into the same channel.

Aside from the introduction of foreign ambassadors and ministers, which was exceedingly appropriate on this centenary occasion, the most important part of the Cleveland meeting was the creation of five study commissions. It was the conviction of the Society that the peace movement needs a wider foundation of fact upon which to base its labors. The first commission studied for three days "The International Implications of Industry"; the second commission, "The International Implications of Justice"; the third commission, "The International Implications of Education"; the fourth, "The International Implications of Religion" and the fifth, "The International Implications of Social Agencies." A special commission was appointed for the purpose of studying "The Coordination of the Efforts for Peace."

The personnel of these commissions was made up of people of all shades of opinion. The meetings were in the nature of open forums and the utmost freedom of opinion was allowed and encouraged.

The meetings of *delegates* to hear the reports of these commissions was rife with debate. Strong objections were especially directed against the report of the commission on the International Implications of Justice whose chairman was Prof. Philip Marshall Brown, Professor of International Law, Princeton University. The commission brought in a report that nations had the right "to arm adequately for self-defense, or for the defense of the common interests of the international society." The delegates thought that the latter part of this declaration was vague and quite meaningless and it was stricken out. The right to arm for self-defense was admitted and it was voted that war should be "renounced as an instrument of national policy." It was further declared "That the settlement of international disputes should be sought *wholly* by pacific means." Judge Florence Allen of Cleveland, and C. C. Morrison, Editor of the *Christian Century*, led the debate on this question. The idea of the outlawry of war was uppermost in the minds of the delegates and references to it were repeatedly applauded.

To summarize further, the convention:

OPPOSED compulsory military training in public schools, colleges and universities except in institutions established for the specific purpose of military education.

AFFIRMED that the economic exploitation of politically backward peoples has proved one of the most prolific sources of war, and stated that it is not the moral responsibility of government to protect the foreign investments of its nationals in countries notoriously unsettled and disturbed.

AFFIRMED that in case of collective action by the League of Nations, or by a group of nations, against a state which the United States may hold to be guilty of a flagrant international crime, American citizens should be forbidden from affording aid to the offending nation.

The foregoing brief summary of the action of the American Peace Society at its Cleveland meeting is sufficient to stamp the Society as a forward-looking and vigorous organization. If it would please the editor of THE WORLD TOMORROW, I would almost say that it has staged a "comeback." The officers of the American Peace Society are as anxious to advance world peace as those of any other organization in this country and they wish to do it speedily. As it takes all kinds of people to make up a world,

so peace will finally come as the result of the combined efforts of many peace groups. Tolerance and goodwill are valuable assets in bringing about understanding among workers for peace just as they are helpful in advancing the cause of peace among the nations of the world.

WILLIAM E. SWEET

Denver, Colorado.

A Reply

DEAR MR. SWEET: If the Cleveland convention—which occurred after my article was written—has invigorated the American Peace Society, I shall be happy. However, not only with regard to the points you raise about the Society prior to the Cleveland meeting but in respect to the convention also, I feel your information needs to be supplemented, and your courteous letter does not greatly hearten me.

You refer to a "come-back," but a come-back implies a return from some undesirable condition. You say, "The American Peace Society had not had a meeting since the war." The war ended nearly ten years ago and the intervening decade has been an extremely important and challenging period. Can the absence of a general meeting in all that time be construed as a sign of life? I say "general" meeting because the Society, of course, has had its membership meetings, reports of which have appeared at times in its periodical; so to a degree you do the organization an injustice. If it were wholly correct that during this time *The Advocate of Peace* was obliged to carry on without specific instructions and therefore "it was incumbent upon this organ of publicity to try to act in a conciliatory manner toward all those who differed as to what should constitute an effective peace effort," I should fully agree. I ask you, however, to examine its files during the period to satisfy yourself whether it has done so. Far from acting as a "clearing house for all shades of opinion"—which is asking it to do far more than I did in my article—it has often given the impression of a nervous old man looking apprehensively for a murderous pacifist under the bed. While it is historically true that the American Peace Society was composed of pacifists and non-pacifist peace workers (as I explicitly declared) I think it is also true that even the conservative wing was vastly more radical than the Society's official point of view has been since the World War. If necessary I can furnish citations in detail on this point.

As for the convention itself I am hopeful that through it some genuine gains will accrue. It was indeed worthwhile to have Professor Holmes's talk, not because I think that only pacifist discussions are of value, but because pacifism is a viewpoint of which even a conservative organization should take cognizance, just as pacifists should and do seek expression of other viewpoints. The fact that one speech in favor of pacifism is adduced as evidence of a progressive trend is revealing; for in the Society's early days, such a viewpoint, even heavily augmented by numerical adherents, would have been taken as a matter of course.

The study groups will doubtless prove of value; it should be pointed out that the group on the coordination of efforts for peace, which contains an especially rounded personnel, while constituted on the initiation of the Society, was appointed and will function independently of it or of any organization.

The resolution in favor of arming "adequately for national defense" hardly savors, when historically appraised, of a very strenuous recuperation; and it is especially ominous in view of the absence from the program of any speaker conspicuous for opposition to the big navy bill, easily the outstanding national disarmament issue of the year.

The vote against compulsory military training shows a definite progress. *The Advocate of Peace* for August, 1926, declared: "It is felt in many quarters that military training in the schools creates an acceptance of militarism dangerous to the young. . . . We have trouble accepting this view. In the first place, we are not aware that there is any compulsory military training in our public schools." A letter calling the editor's attention to public announcements of some public schools to the fact that their courses in military training were compulsory was acknowledged by his secretary but never answered.

If the resolution regarding protection of investments abroad becomes actually a policy, it will constitute a greater advance than I thought possible and I shall rejoice accordingly. I am compelled to say "if," however, for press dispatches agree in stating that the votes in the convention will not necessarily be embodied in the program of the Society. Additional emphasis is given the "if" by the remarks attributed to Mr. Burton, President of the Society, by Mr. Paul Packard, a Cleveland newspaper writer. Mr. Burton is credited with saying (by way of partial comment on my article), "I, as a congressman, feel that we must uphold the government as matters stand in Nicaragua."

There is room, of course, for different evaluations of any program, just as there is need for differing personal and group convictions. Nevertheless, it seems to me that evidences are discoverable in your letter of a common but erroneous conception, which approximates a belief that any peace effort whatever is all to the good. For example: "It depends upon the point of view;" "It will be generally conceded that a peace society should live as long as war exists;" "As it takes all kinds of people to make up a world, so peace will finally come as a result of the combined efforts of many peace groups."

I, too, believe in tolerance in the sense that all kinds of peace expression should be permitted. I believe that numerous approaches will be necessary. I do not believe, however, that any and every kind of peace work is *ipso facto* to be encouraged. I believe that criticism such as mine ought to be useful, and that no peace effort should be exempt from criticism; most certainly I do not desire such immunity for the peace groups in which I have most faith. It is out of accord with historic experience and sound social science, I feel, to assume that a desire for peace by itself alone leads inevitably to its achievement. Some historic points of view, among peace workers, can fairly be held responsible, not for the prevention of war, but for its perpetuation; and alas, these viewpoints seem to be ever with us, not the least being a trust in "adequate national defense."

The fact remains that despite the advances made, despite the activities of the peace societies chiefly on conservative lines, wars have broken out on the average of almost every two years since the tumultuous days of Napoleon. War is still a terrible actuality in some extensive parts of the world and an ever-present menace elsewhere. In science such spotty results would probably move thoughtful inquirers to assay the possibilities of a more drastic approach to the given problem. Warless international relations, however, will always be something of an art as well as a science; and human relations of any kind will never be susceptible to precise scientific treatment. Yet, we have to approach the problem of war in the spirit of social science, bringing to all efforts for its eradication the most painstaking analysis and critical judgment.

I believe in that process so fervently that I wish you would write a rebuttal, and whether I agree or not, yours shall be the last word.

DEVERE ALLEN

And a Rejoinder

DEAR MR. ALLEN: Concerning how long a Peace Society should live I am willing to allow the Cleveland Convention to speak for itself. Especially I am glad if anything that was said or done at that meeting should cause you to rejoice "even a little bit."

I mentioned Dr. Holmes's speech on pacifism not so much as an evidence of a progressive trend as to cause you, a pronounced pacifist, to take notice of the fact that your viewpoint was ably represented at the Convention. Nor should the fact that no speaker conspicuous for his opposition to the big navy bill was not on the program seem to be ominous. If I am not mistaken President Burton himself has been both a conspicuous and persistent opponent of this bill.

The peace movement is greater than any of its parts. If any individual or group of individuals should drop out the movement would progress, perhaps with reduced speed but it would advance.

I disagree with you wholly that all kinds of peace movements "should not be encouraged." This smacks of the militarist mind which would permit some peace movements and prohibit others. By all means let us have criticism as severe as you please but this is quite different from reading some plans we do not like out of the movement.

WILLIAM E. SWEET

Boring from Without

I AM writing to give you the details as to what transpired at the meeting of the American Peace Society, when I distributed copies of *THE WORLD TOMORROW*.

I had given out several copies when I was approached by Mr. Hofrichter, Assistant Manager of the Convention. I offered him a copy. He said, "You can't pass that old Kirby Page paper in here." I asked him if he had read the article on the American Peace Society. He said, "No, but I know all about it. We don't want it in here and we won't have it," and with that he pushed me out of the room.

For your information I went outside and distributed them to the delegates as they came out.

Cleveland, Ohio.

SARA TERRY

Ethical Standards and Newspapers

THERE has very belatedly come into my hands Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's excellent article on the American press, published in your paper of last April. While applauding its general tone, I wish to enlarge a little upon his comment on the American Society of Newspaper Editors and their effort to support ethical standards. He very justly points out that the members of the Society are usually "hired men" who can accomplish nothing without the support of their owners. I admit that this is a weakness, but hold that to a certain degree it can be overcome.

As a result of a prolonged agitation within the Society, there is now pending an amendment to the constitution which would give the organization the right to censure, suspend, or expel members found guilty of conduct out of accord with the code of ethics which is declared to be the fundamental law of the Society. A resolution to this effect was passed by a majority vote at the last meeting, and a two-thirds vote necessary to amend the constitution to this effect will be sought at the next meeting. It is planned to word the amendment in such a way that when an

individual guilty of unprofessional conduct is able to demonstrate that the action was forced upon him by his employer, the newspaper will be censured, or in the event a more serious penalty is imposed, it will be made clear to the journalistic world that it is not the individual member of the Society who has been expelled, but that the decree of expulsion with its accompanying conviction of disreputable and discreditable conduct will apply to the paper itself. I do not believe that many newspapers would be entirely indifferent to such a decree of condemnation.

Since the establishment of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the question of disciplining a member has come up only once, and the effort was impotent because it was discovered that the constitution as drawn conferred no authority to discipline upon the Board of Directors. But the vigor and determination with which the individual under fire defended himself and fought to avoid any penalty whatsoever indicated that even newspaper proprietors, somewhat inured to attack upon their journalistic methods by the public at large, will not be indifferent to the utterances of this society.

WILLIS J. ABBOT.

Boston, Mass.

The Christian Science Monitor.

The Bulletin Board

Holiday Courses in Europe

THE League of Nations Institute of Intellectual Co-operation has issued a pamphlet listing the educational opportunities in Europe for the summer period. It covers ten countries. The pamphlet may be had from the World Peace Foundation, 40 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

Correction

THE price of "Conflict or Co-operation—A Study Outline," by J. B. Matthews and Sylvanus M. Duvall, was listed wrong in our June issue. It is 25 cents.

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W.T. 7-8

The Last Page

FOR a number of years we have been trying to find a sound, safe and sane way to celebrate the Fourth. It always has been celebrated, and there are duties we owe our offspring. We had voted down fireworks, almost at the altar, as it were. But year before last we happened on a little joke which I foolishly read aloud. It ran to this effect:

DAD: Do you know, son, why the whole country celebrates the Fourth of July?

SON: Sure. They do it in memory of the days when our forefathers could shoot off firecrackers and pinwheels.

I have no son. But I have two daughters. Both of them heard me.

"Daddy," asked Ethelfreda Eloise—with, I fancied, a tone of wistfulness in her voice—"what are pinwheels?"

"What's firewackus?" chimed in Dardanella.

I promptly elucidated. "Very dangerous things that foolish boys and girls shoot off. Pinwheels are fastened to a tree and lighted with a match, and then they go whizzing around at a great rate, sending out a big circle of beautiful sparks—really gorgeous. Firecrackers are those things you've heard around on other Fourths—they make a loud bang" (I smacked the table) "and when you set off a whole bunch under a tin pan" (chuckle) "they sure make one grand racket. You ought to've seen me one time—"

"Ecc," interrupted Normala, my partner in parenthood, "don't forget you have to call up Mr. Jeffries about your article on Giving Your Children Vision. It's almost half-past six."

* * * *

Now, I can't remember all the factors that influenced me, but it certainly seemed as though our children ought to know about life; and we meant to deny them access to no relevant set of facts or experiences. I think maybe that was the idea. Besides, we hated to see them develop a superiority complex—or at any rate I did; and so I laid in what you might term an educational outfit of fireworks. When the Fourth came around I took the family out to our shack by the Lake, where we could be all by ourselves, and speedily began my instructions.

"This," I said, "is a penny salute, although as a matter of fact, things have so changed, it cost me two cents. I'll make it go." It went.

Dardanella ran shrieking to her mother. Ethelfreda Eloise merely put her hands over her ears and exclaimed politely, "Ow."

I explained that salutes were noisier than the firecrackers that came in bunches. "We'll try some of those," I announced.

Dardanella promptly put her head in her mother's lap. Ethelfreda Eloise stood still and asked me, bluntly, "What's the use of it?"

A trifle dashed, I set off a bunch of those crackly little fellers. Said my elder daughter, "Have you got any more? Dardanella and I want to play."

I confess I got a little hot behind the ears. "Go ahead then," I offered haughtily. They took me up on it with disconcerting promptitude. Normala watched me kindly, I should almost have thought a bit indulgently. On the point of casting a torpedo with unforced violence, I looked up to find her gone inside the lean-to. Five minutes later four dollars and seventy-nine cents' worth of bang and beauty floated off to a watery grave. We went home early; Normala said that anyway it was just as well not to keep the youngsters up too late and get them—yes, she actually had the nerve to say it—overexcited.

* * * *

LAST year Normala caught my eye one night along in June, and read from a popular journal of hygiene. It was a pretty harrowing article, I thought, about the harm done each

year to the bodies of our children by fireworks. It was not only statistically convincing but graphic. So fidgety was I when she finished that I stole upstairs to assure myself that Dardanella and Ethelfreda Eloise retained all their limbs. Their mother caught me coming down.

To cover my confusion I went after Normala hard. "Look here, dearest," I expostulated, "it's one thing to be a destructive critic, but what we need is a constructive suggestion!"

"Do you honestly consider that an original remark?" asked Normala, mercilessly. "All the same, there is an idea in that paper. I don't think it's O. K. just as it stands, but we can, er, modify it, don't you think? Listen—" whereupon she read me the suggestion of this humanitarian author. The gist of it was this: can all the fireworks; take Son and Daughter, or whatever you have available, to the patriotic celebrations; let the little ones don military uniforms, parade, recite loyal pieces; let them dedicate themselves to their country's service. There was a snapshot of a little tyke dolled up in a uniform and a sword with a caption, "This child is having a good time and yet he is safe." I had my doubts about that.

But Normala had her way. We all went over to the city for the Fourth. In the morning there was a military parade—the usual thing, with one bunch of veterans marching to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." At noon there was a red-hot speech by a 298 per cent American, followed by recitations of the same order. In the afternoon we saw a wonderful (?) pageant, regular movie thriller stuff, and the one thing wanting by way of realism was the burning of King George at the stake. Normala acted sort of restless; she looked at me furtively every now and then. The girls enjoyed it immensely—they like to dramatize every new scene in their own imagination.

(By the way, we came away before the fireworks.)

* * * *

When I got home from work next night, Normala was miserable. "Ecc," she wailed, "you never saw such fire-eating militarists! All day long they have been shooting and burning and swearing vengeance, and they have chased a hypothetical mob of British troops out of the yard at least a hundred times. They both went to bed crying because they can't join the army when they grow up."

It sounded a little overdrawn; but so, most convincingly, appeared Normala. "I guess it didn't work," I ventured, not very comfortingly. I found complete and almost tearful agreement. Well, we did get it out of their systems by Christmas; luckily, children replace old passions readily!

* * * *

AND now we have been going about the house tensely ever since the middle of June, though neither one of us has said a thing. Or, rather, we had acted thus until today. I determined to end this waking nightmare. Casually of the unsuspecting Dardanella I inquired what was the Fourth of July—did she know? Dardanella thought for a time, and then announced with triumphant exactitude, "The day before the Fifth." "If that's all it is," flashed Ethelfreda Eloise, "it is just as much the day after the Third!"

I looked at Normala firmly. She looked at me in precisely the same way. We understood each other. A program of utter negation, of blissful, irresponsible apathy was, by a paradox, to be strenuously applied.

"Well," said I, ponderously, reaching for another muffin, "so 'tis, so 'tis."

ECCENTRICUS.

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W.T. 7-28

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